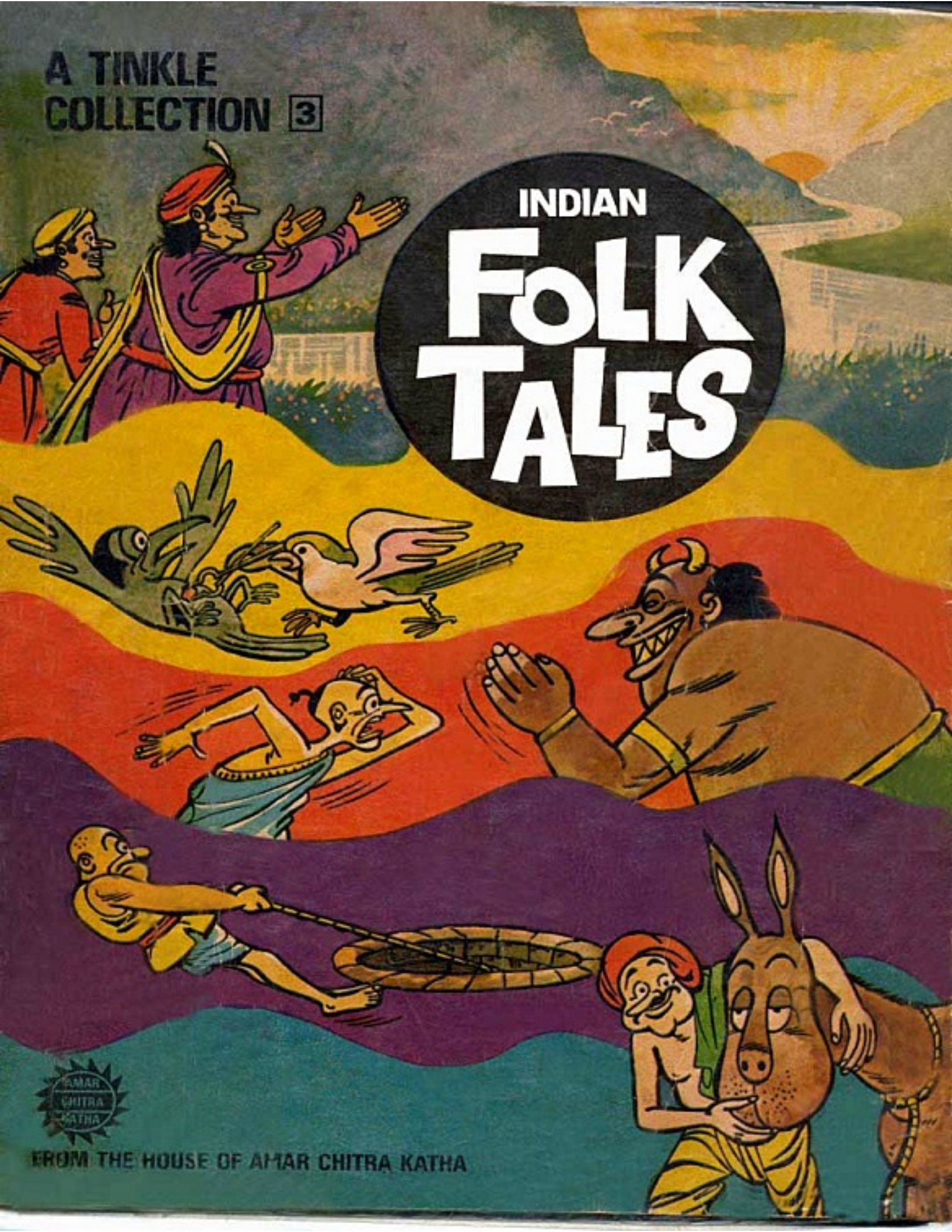
A TINKLE COLLECTION 3

INDIAN FOLK TALES



AMAR CHITRA KATHA

FROM THE HOUSE OF AMAR CHITRA KATHA

This book belongs to :

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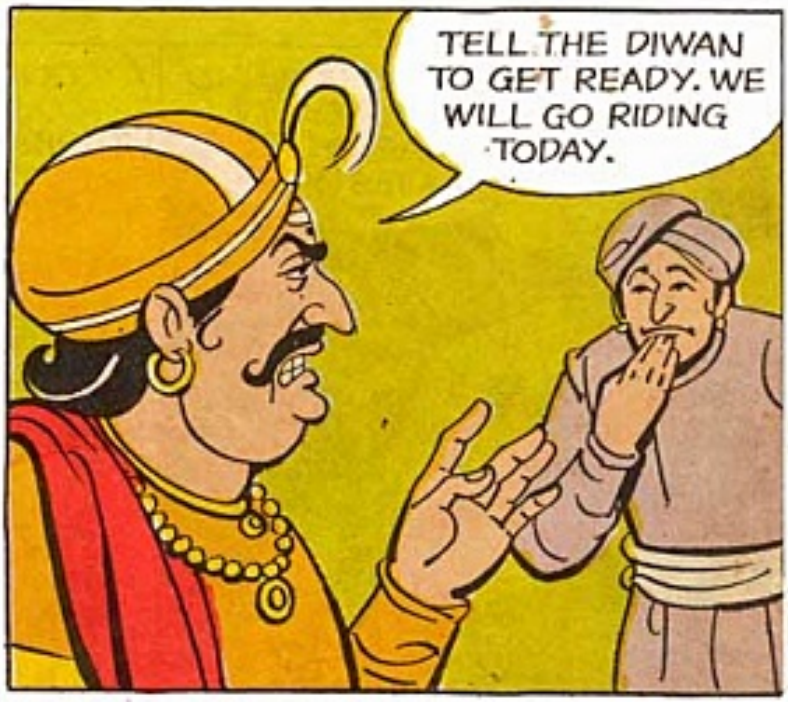
THE KING WHO STOPPED THE RIVER

— A FOLKTALE FROM SOUTH INDIA

Script : Luis M.Fernandes
Illustrations : M. Mohandas



SO THE KING AND HIS WISE DIWAN SET OUT.

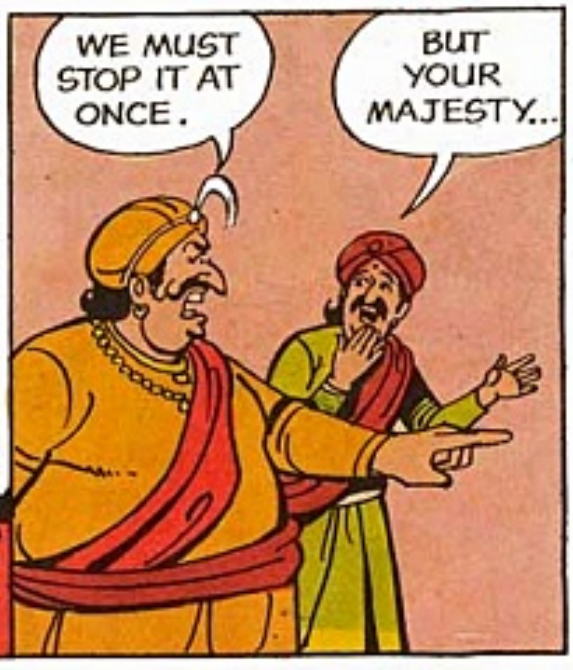
AN HOUR LATER –
YOUR MAJESTY, HOW DO YOU FEEL NOW?
MUCH BETTER.

BUT I'M THIRSTY. LET'S STOP BY THAT RIVER.

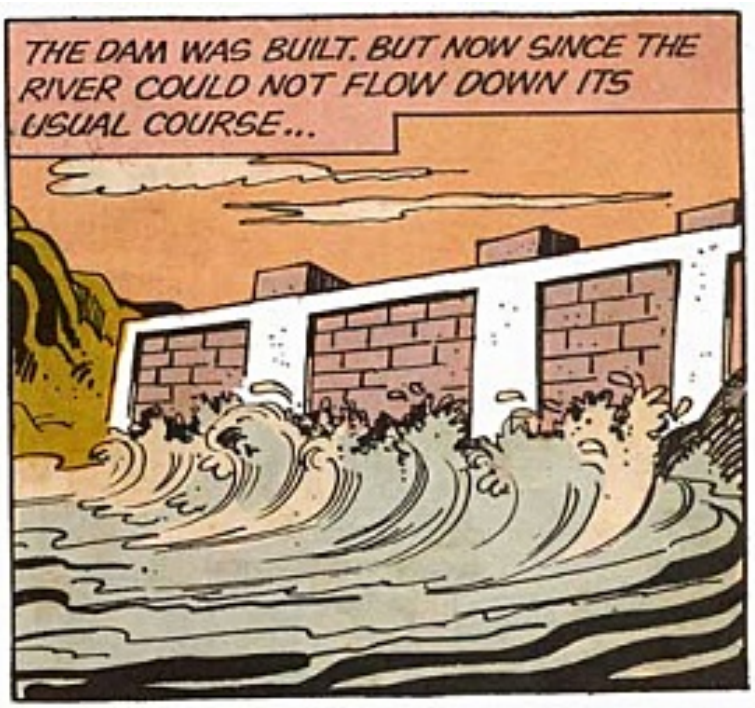
SUCH CLEAR, SPARKLING WATER! WHERE DOES THIS RIVER FLOW?

IT FLOWS DOWN TO THAT KINGDOM IN THE EAST, YOUR MAJESTY.

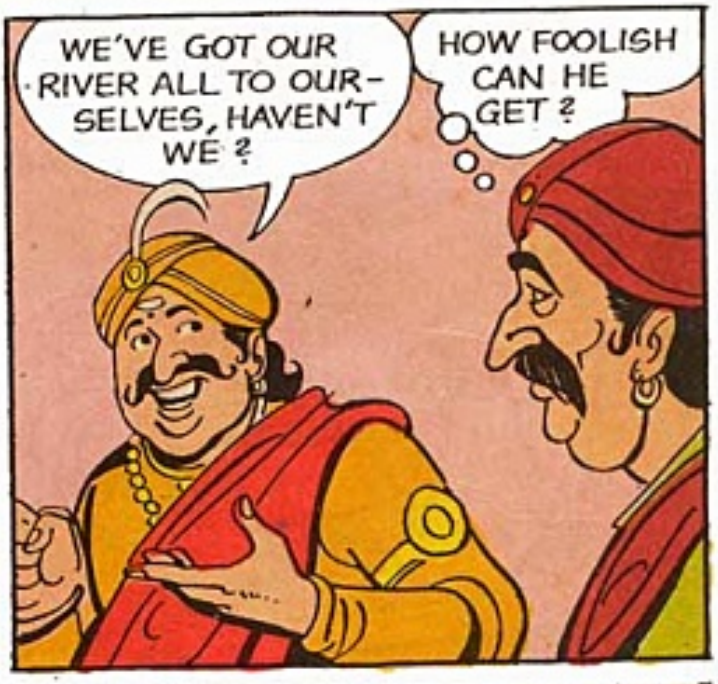
OUR RIVER FLOWING INTO THEIR COUNTRY?


WE MUST STOP IT AT ONCE.
BUT YOUR MAJESTY...

NO BUTS, DIWAN. I WANT A DAM BUILT HERE.


THE DAM WAS BUILT. BUT NOW SINCE THE RIVER COULD NOT FLOW DOWN ITS USUAL COURSE...

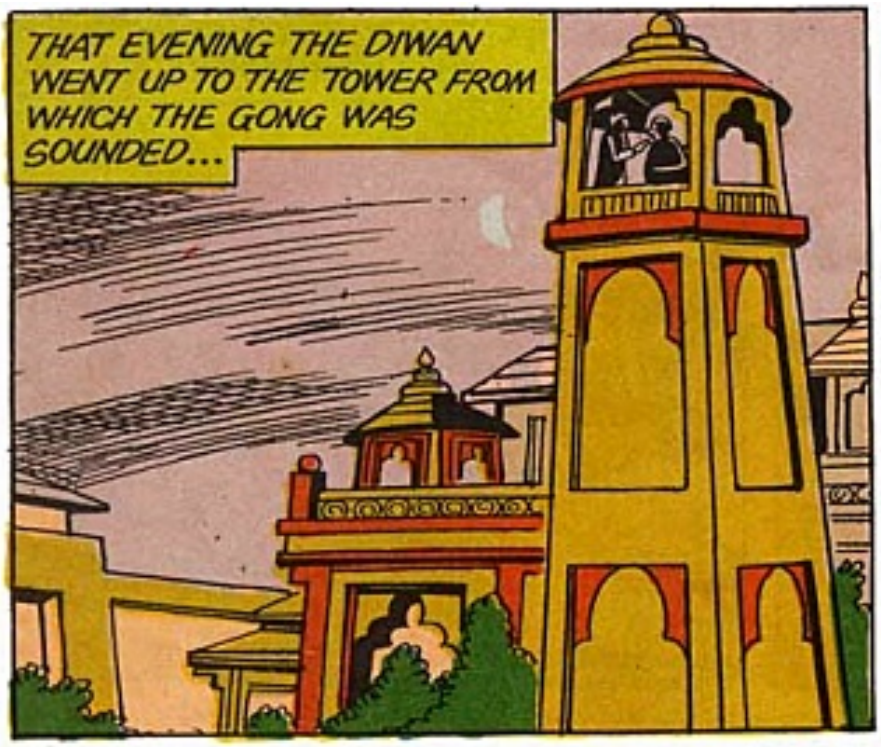
...IT OVERFLOWED ITS BANKS AND FLOODED THE COUNTRYSIDE.
IT WILL BE WORSE DURING THE MONSOON.
SO WHAT?


WE'VE GOT OUR RIVER ALL TO OURSELVES, HAVEN'T WE?
HOW FOOLISH CAN HE GET?

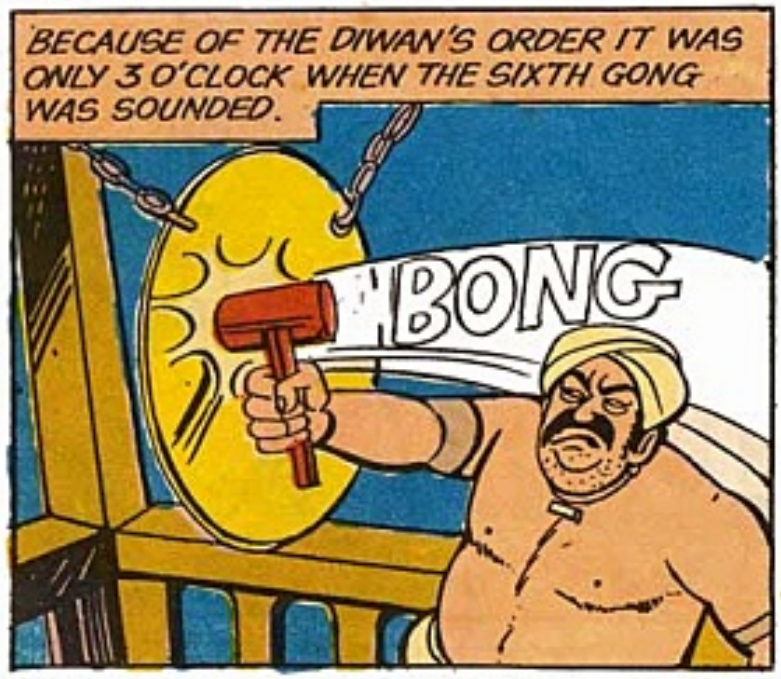
CAN'T HE SEE THAT OUR NEIGHBOURS WILL SOON ATTACK US FOR STOPPING THEIR WATER SUPPLY?

I MUST GET HIM TO BREAK DOWN THAT DAM...

AH! I'VE GOT IT!


THAT EVENING THE DIWAN WENT UP TO THE TOWER FROM WHICH THE GONG WAS SOUNDED...

...AND SPOKE TO THE MAN THERE.
AFTER MIDNIGHT I WANT YOU TO SOUND THE GONG EVERY HALF-HOUR. NOT EVERY HOUR, AS YOU DO NOW.
AS YOU COMMAND, SIR.


BECAUSE OF THE DIWAN'S ORDER IT WAS ONLY 3 O'CLOCK WHEN THE SIXTH GONG WAS SOUNDED.
BONG

BONGooo
ZZZZZZ
THE SIXTH GONG! IT'S SIX O'CLOCK. I'D BETTER WAKE UP THE OTHERS.

GET UP! OUR DUTY IS OVER...
ZZZHUH!

IS IT SIX O'CLOCK ALREADY?
IT IS.

THEN WHY IS IT SO DARK?
YOU'RE RIGHT. I DIDN'T THINK OF THAT.

THE SUN SHOULD HAVE BEEN UP BY NOW.
SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO IT.

WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THE SUN?
HOW SHOULD I KNOW? WE'D BETTER SOUND THE ALARM.

WAKE UP! WAKE UP, EVERYBODY!
SOME-THING HAS HAPPENED TO THE SUN!

THERE WAS PANIC IN THE PALACE. THE COMMANDER OF THE ARMY RUSHED TO THE KING'S CHAMBER.
WAKE UP, YOUR MAJESTY! A TERRIBLE THING HAS HAPPENED!
EH...?

IT'S SIX O'CLOCK BUT THE SUN HASN'T RISEN AS YET.
HASN'T RISEN? WHAT DO YOU MEAN THE SUN HASN'T RISEN?!

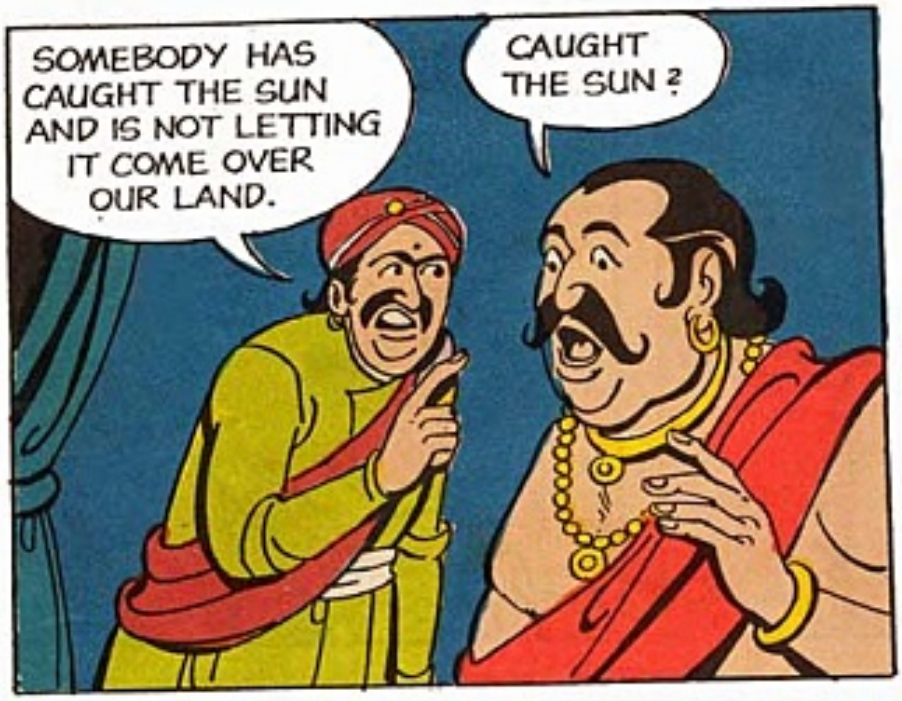
IT HASN'T, YOUR MAJESTY. SEE FOR YOURSELF.

YOU'RE RIGHT.

SUMMON THE DIWAN!

WHEN THE DIWAN CAME —
WHAT'S ALL THIS! WHY HASN'T THE SUN COME UP AS YET?
I HAVE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT, YOUR MAJESTY.

THERE CAN BE ONLY ONE REASON.
WHAT?


SOMEBODY HAS CAUGHT THE SUN AND IS NOT LETTING IT COME OVER OUR LAND.
CAUGHT THE SUN?

AH, YES! THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT TOO... BUT WHO WOULD DO SUCH A WICKED DEED?
IT MUST BE THE KING OF THE EASTERN KINGDOM, WHO ELSE?

I HEARD HE WAS ANGRY BECAUSE WE STOPPED THE RIVER FROM FLOWING INTO HIS COUNTRY.
OH!

AND AS YOU KNOW, THE SUN PASSES OVER HIS KINGDOM BEFORE IT COMES OVER OURS.

YOUR MAJESTY, WE MUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT SOON OR WE'LL BE IN DARKNESS FOREVER.

DO YOU THINK...
YES?

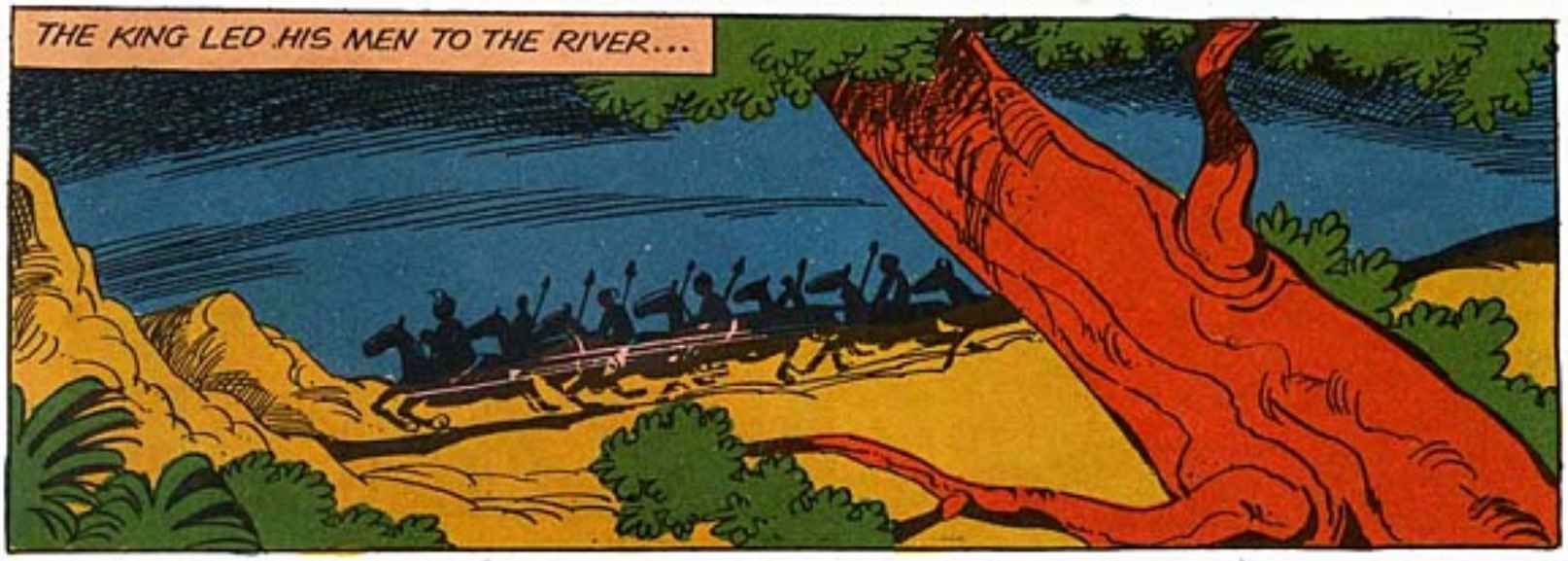
DO YOU THINK HE WOULD LET THE SUN GO IF WE LET THE RIVER FLOW INTO HIS COUNTRY AGAIN ?
WHAT A BRILLIANT IDEA, YOUR MAJESTY!

AH, WELL, MY MOTHER ALWAYS SAID I WAS A VERY CLEVER FELLOW!

WELL, NOW... WE'LL HAVE TO BREAK DOWN THAT DAM.
I AGREE.

SUMMON THE COMMANDER OF MY ARMY!
I AM HERE, YOUR MAJESTY.

GET YOUR MEN! WE ARE GOING DOWN TO THE RIVER TO PULL DOWN THAT DAM AS FAST AS WE CAN.


THE KING LED HIS MEN TO THE RIVER...

...AND BEFORE DAWN THEY BROKE THE DAM DOWN.

THE RIVER BEGAN TO FLOW TO THE NEIGHBOURING COUNTRY AGAIN.

THE SUN SHOULD BE COMING UP ANY MOMENT NOW.

AND SURE ENOUGH—
THE SUN! LOOK! THEY'VE LET THE SUN GO!
YOUR PLAN WORKED, YOUR MAJESTY.

YOU HAVE SAVED THE COUNTRY.
OH, IT WAS NOTHING...
THE KING NEVER REALISED HOW HE HAD BEEN FOOLED BY THE DIWAN.

GREEDY GUBBANNA — A FOLKTALE FROM KARNATAKA

Script: Subba Rao Illustrations: M. Mohandas

CAREFUL! PLACE IT GENTLY ON THE FIRE.

THE POTTER GAVE ME THE POT AND THE SPOON. AND THE MILK-MAN GAVE ME THE MILK.
GOOD. NOW GET ME SOME GRAM.

GUBBANNA FLEW TO THE BIGGEST SHOP IN THE VILLAGE MARKET.
CAN YOU GIVE ME SOME GRAM, SIR?
CERTAINLY!

GUBBANNA COLLECTED THE PACKET OF GRAM AND LEFT.
DO COME BACK IF YOU NEED ANY-THING ELSE.

SOON THE GRAM WAS ADDED TO THE MILK.

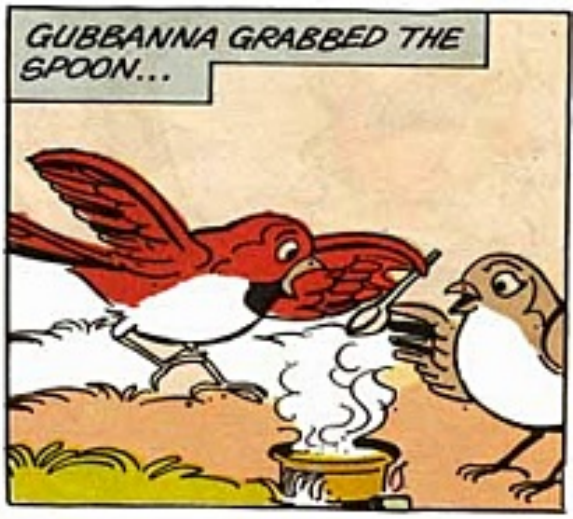
IS THE KHEER READY?
NOT YET, DEAR. I NEED SOME JAGGERY.

GUBBANNA FLEW BACK TO THE GROCER FOR THE JAGGERY.
YOU MAY TAKE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN CARRY.

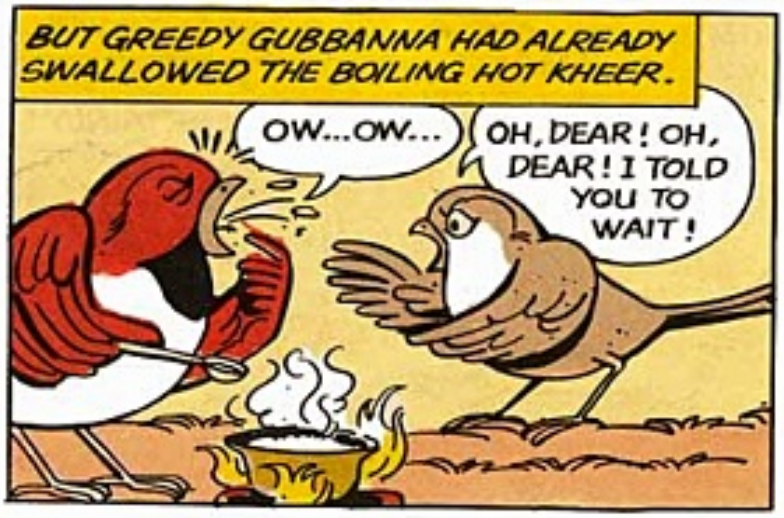
AFTER THE JAGGERY WAS STIRRED INTO THE MILK —
CAN WE HAVE THE KHEER NOW?
BE PATIENT, DEAR. I NEED A FEW CARDAMOMS.

SO AWAY FLEW GUBBANNA TO THE CARDAMOM FIELDS.

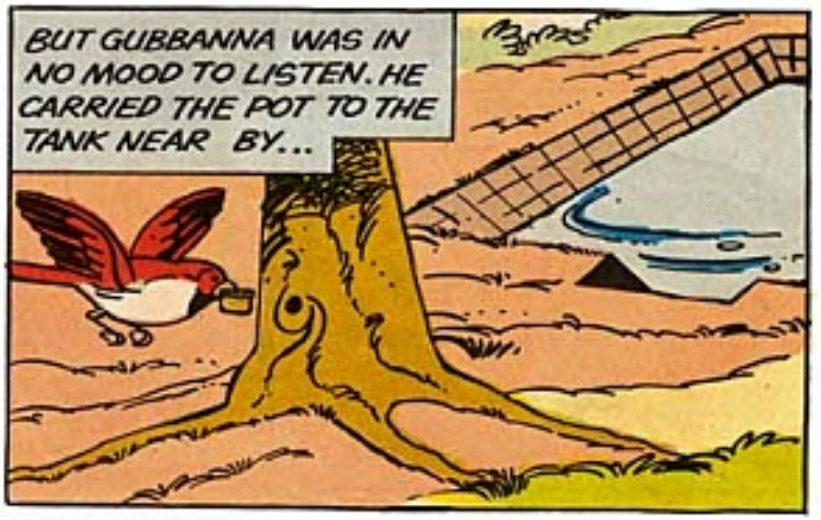
HE PICKED A FEW CARDAMOMS AND BROUGHT THEM TO HIS WIFE.
AT LAST!
THERE! YOUR KHEER IS READY.


GUBBANNA GRABBED THE SPOON...

...TOOK OUT A SPOONFUL OF KHEER AND RAISED IT TO HIS BEAK.
WAIT! IT'S TOO HOT.


BUT GREEDY GUBBANNA HAD ALREADY SWALLOWED THE BOILING HOT KHEER.
OW...OW...
OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR! I TOLD YOU TO WAIT!

UGH! YOU CALL THIS TASTY! IT HAS BURNT MY MOUTH!
LISTEN...


BUT GUBBANNA WAS IN NO MOOD TO LISTEN. HE CARRIED THE POT TO THE TANK NEAR BY...

...AND FLUNG IT INTO THE WATER.
SPLASH

WHEN HE WENT BACK, HE WAS SHOCKED TO SEE HIS WIFE ABOUT TO PECK AT THE KHEER THAT WAS STUCK TO THE SPOON.
HEY! ARE YOU MAD?

DO YOU TOO WANT TO BURN YOUR MOUTH?

YOU BURN YOUR MOUTH ONLY IF YOU EAT KHEER THAT IS BOILING HOT.

THIS KHEER IS COLD... AND IS TASTY!
TASTY, DID YOU SAY?

DON'T BE AFRAID. GO AHEAD EAT IT

WELL... SINCE YOU SAY SO, I WILL.

THE NEXT MOMENT—
WHY, I'VE NEVER TASTED ANYTHING LIKE THIS BEFORE! IT'S DELICIOUS!
AND YOU COULD HAVE HAD MORE OF IT...

...IF ONLY YOU HADN'T BEEN SO HASTY.

HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
CAN'T YOU GUESS?

HE FLEW STRAIGHT TO THE TANK.
I MUST HAVE THE REST OF THE KHEER. BUT IT'S ALL MIXED WITH THE WATER IN THE TANK.

NOW THE ONLY WAY TO HAVE THE KHEER IS TO DRINK THE WATER.

GLUG! GLUG!

SO HE DRANK ALL THE WATER IN THE TANK.
GLUG. GLU..G

AH! I'VE DONE IT! NOT A DROP LEFT.

JUST THEN—
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?

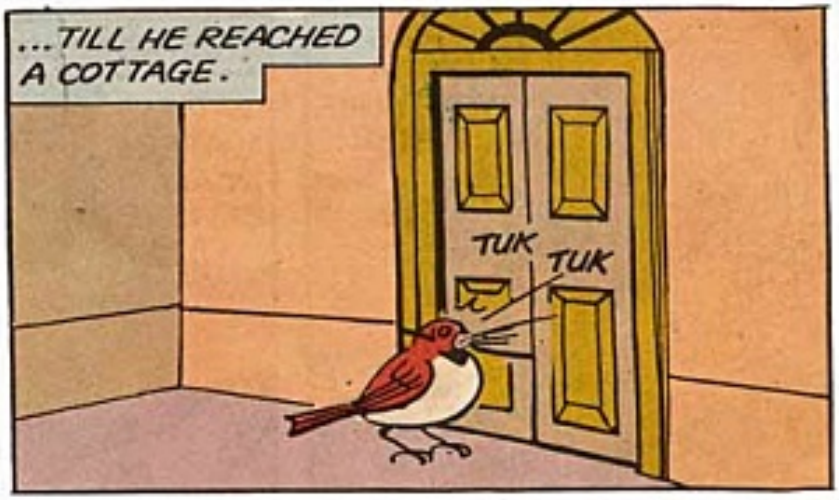
IT'S THE WATER ESCAPING! I MUST STOP IT.

HE PICKED UP A FEW STRAWS...

...AND STUFFED THEM INTO HIS MOUTH AND EARS.
THERE! NOW THE WATER CANNOT ESCAPE!

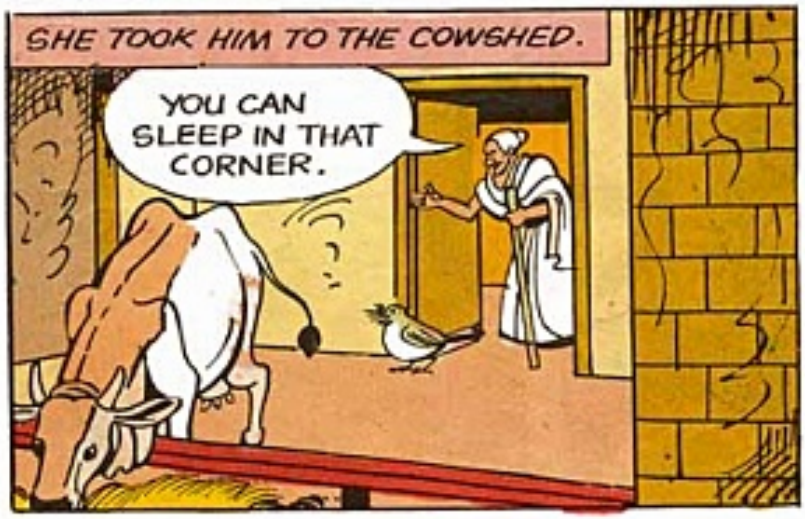
BY THEN IT WAS DARK.
I CAN'T SEE A THING! HOW WILL I GET HOME?

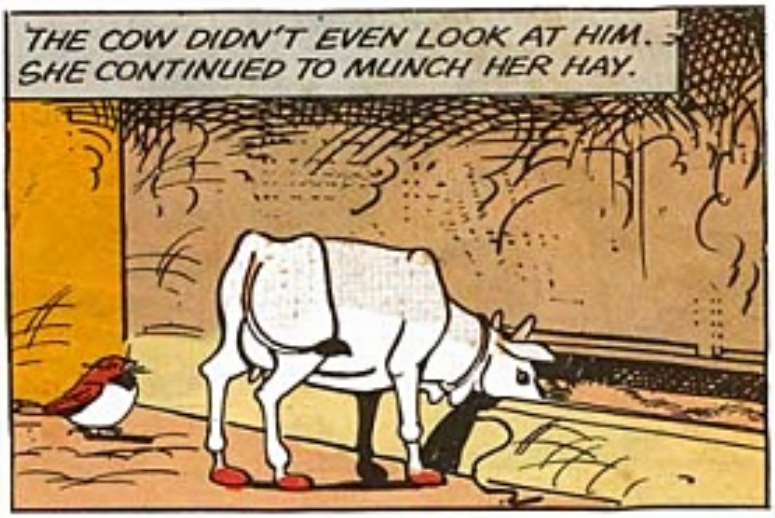
HOWEVER, GUBBANNA MANAGED TO HOP ALONG...


...TILL HE REACHED A COTTAGE.
TUK
TUK

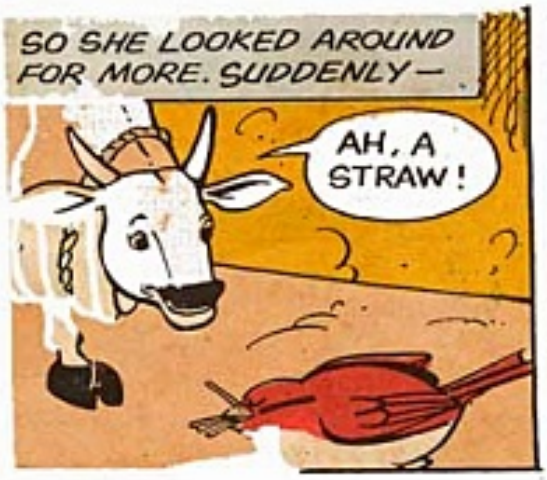
AN OLD WOMAN OPENED THE DOOR.
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I... GLUG ...GLUG...

I'VE LOST MY WAY, GRANDMA. GLUG... GLUG...
YOU POOR THING. COME FOLLOW ME.


SHE TOOK HIM TO THE COWSHED.
YOU CAN SLEEP IN THAT CORNER.


THE COW DIDN'T EVEN LOOK AT HIM. SHE CONTINUED TO MUNCH HER HAY.

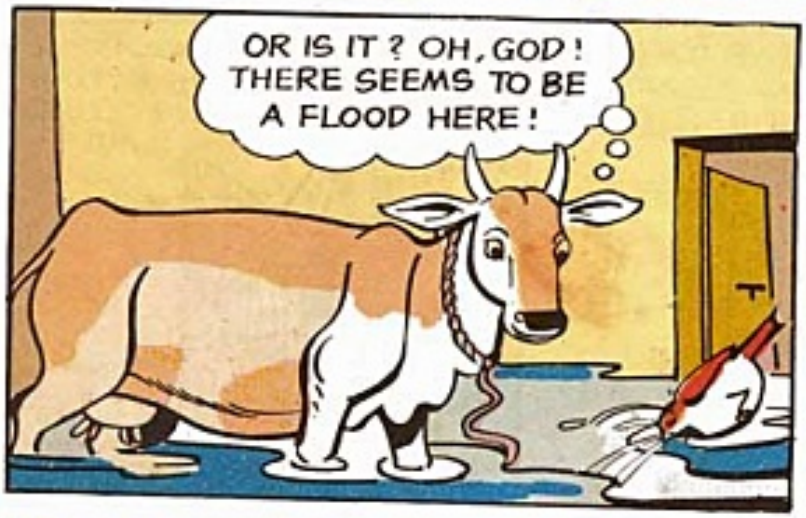
AFTER A WHILE —
I'VE EATEN ALL THAT HAY AND I'M STILL HUNGRY.


SO SHE LOOKED AROUND FOR MORE. SUDDENLY —
AH, A STRAW!

NOW I'M THIRSTY. IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WATER...

THE NEXT MOMENT—
WHAT! WATER! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

TODAY IS MY LUCKY DAY!


OR IS IT? OH, GOD! THERE SEEMS TO BE A FLOOD HERE!

GUBBANNA WAS STILL FAST ASLEEP.

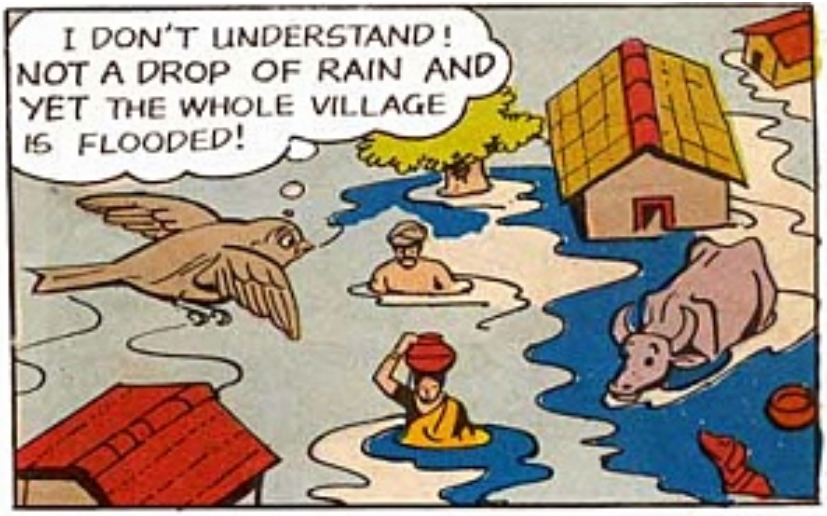
SOON THE WATER STARTED FLOWING OUT OF THE COWSHED...

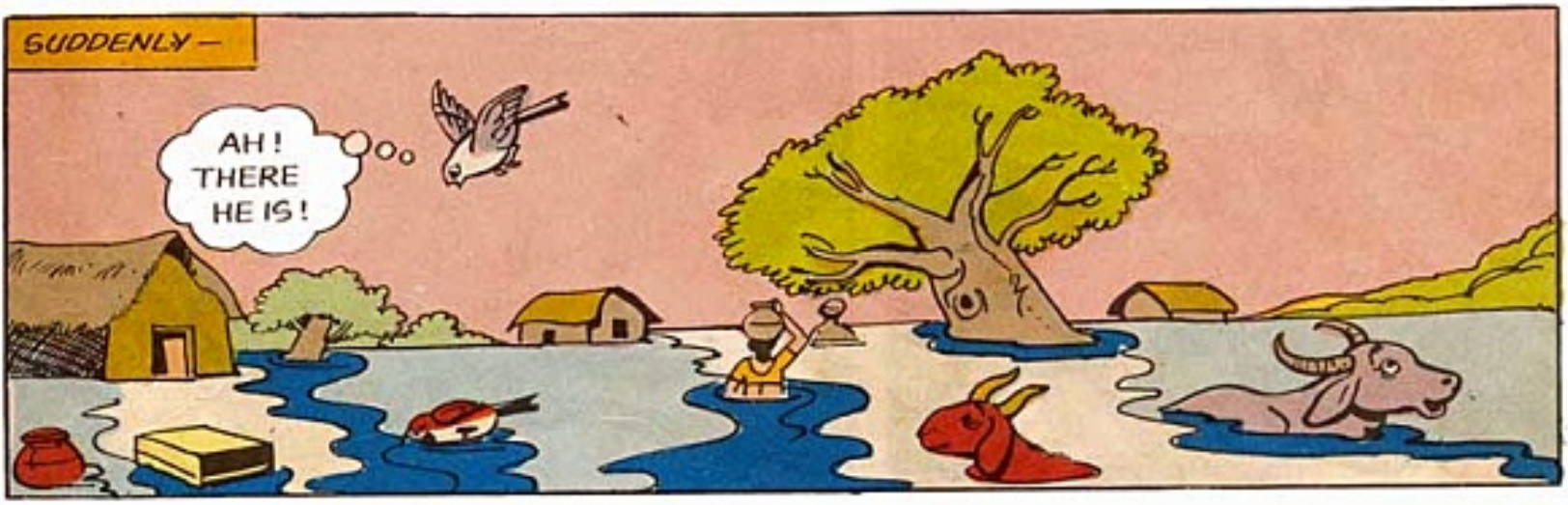
... AND INTO THE COTTAGE.
FLOOD!

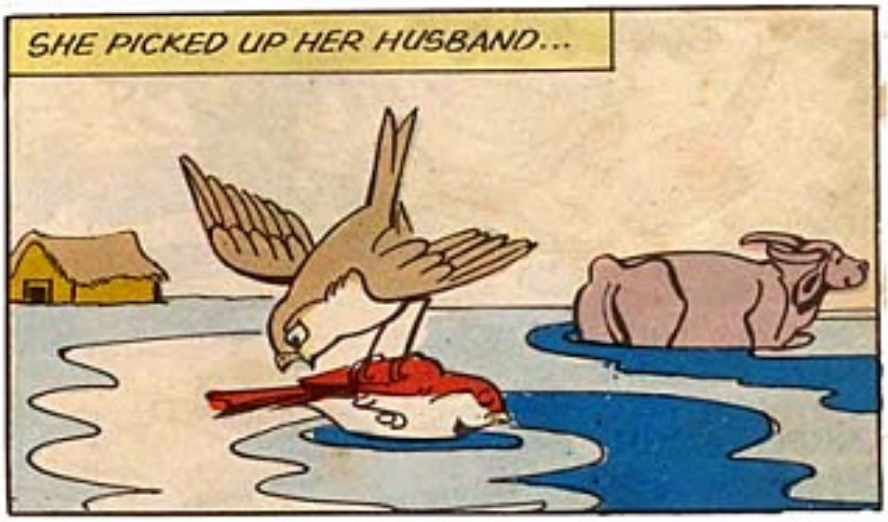
WHAT SHALL I DO?

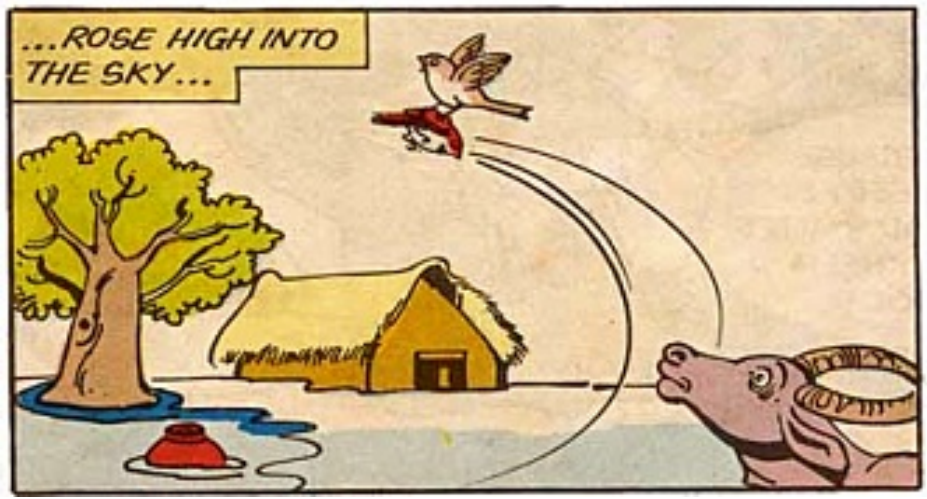
I'LL HAVE TO BE PATIENT AND SIT HERE TILL SOMETHING HAPPENS!

MEANWHILE GUBBI WAS WORRIED ABOUT HER HUSBAND.
I WONDER WHERE HE HAS GONE ! I'D BETTER GO AND LOOK FOR HIM.

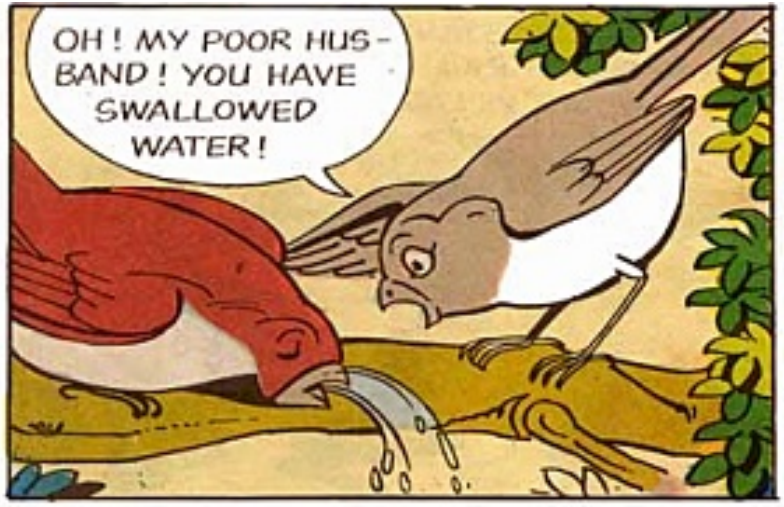

I DON'T UNDERSTAND ! NOT A DROP OF RAIN AND YET THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS FLOODED!


SUDDENLY —
AH ! THERE HE IS !


SHE PICKED UP HER HUSBAND...


...ROSE HIGH INTO THE SKY...

...AND TOOK HIM TO THE BRANCH OF A TREE.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ? PLEASE ANSWER ME .


OH! MY POOR HUSBAND! YOU HAVE SWALLOWED WATER!

GUBBANNA SUDDENLY OPENED HIS EYES.
YES, ALL THE WATER IN THE TANK! IT WAS VERY SWEET.
?

HEY! THE STRAWS! WHERE ARE THE STRAWS?

THEY'RE GONE. SOMEBODY HAS TAKEN AWAY THE STRAWS.
?

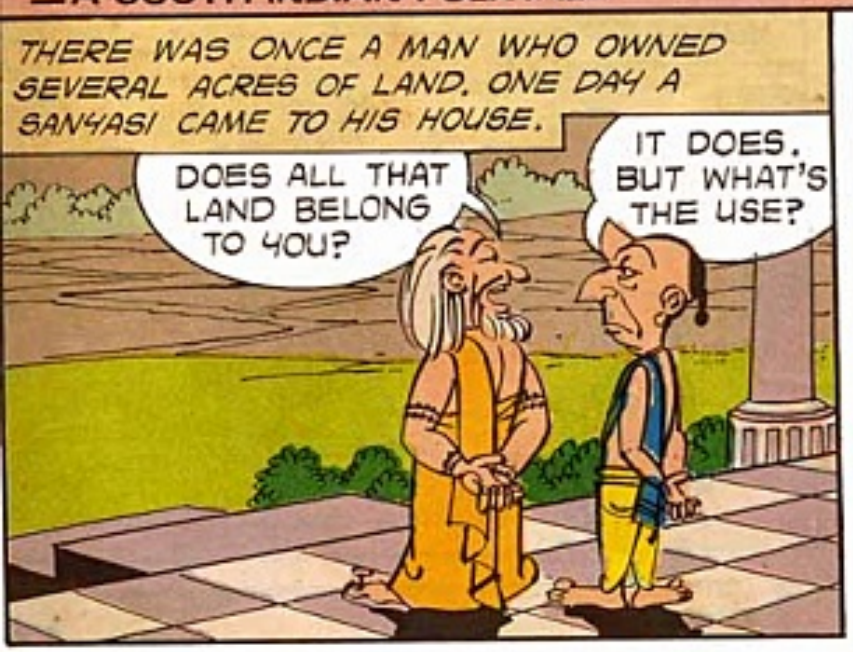
NO! ALL THE WATER IS GONE! I'VE LOST THE KHEER AGAIN.

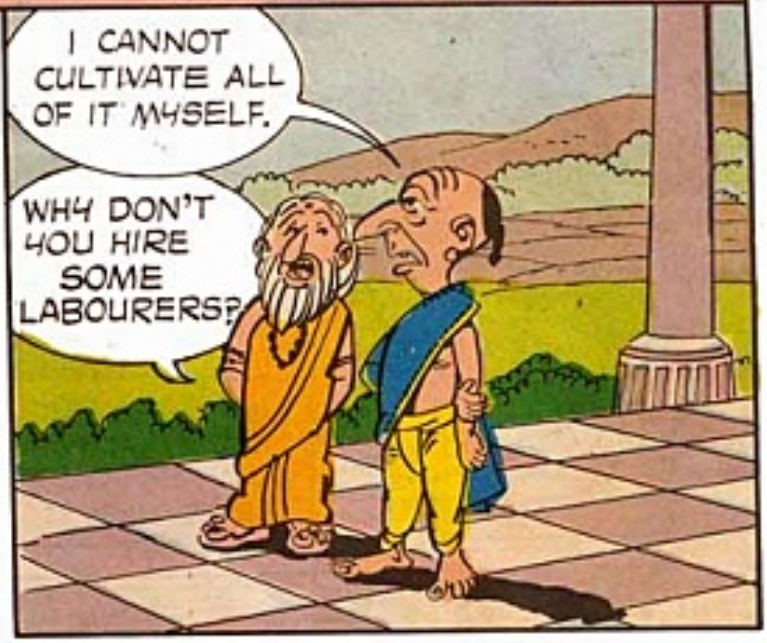
HOW CAN YOU CRY OVER THE LOST KHEER WHEN THE WHOLE VILLAGE IS FLOODED?

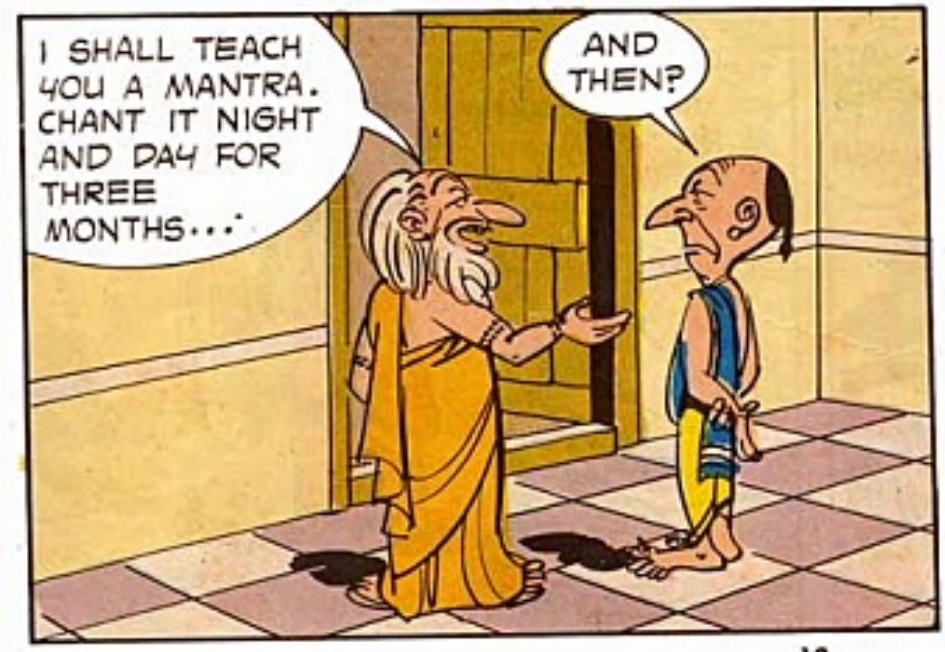
AND ALL BECAUSE YOU WERE GREEDY! IF ONLY YOU HAD WAITED FOR THE KHEER TO COOL!

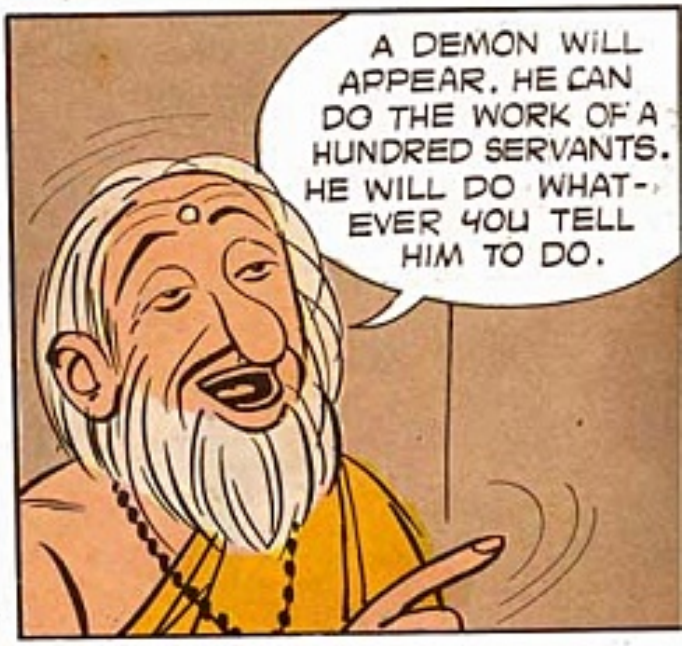
THE DEMON WHO CAME TO WORK
—A SOUTH INDIAN FOLKTALE

Script: Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar







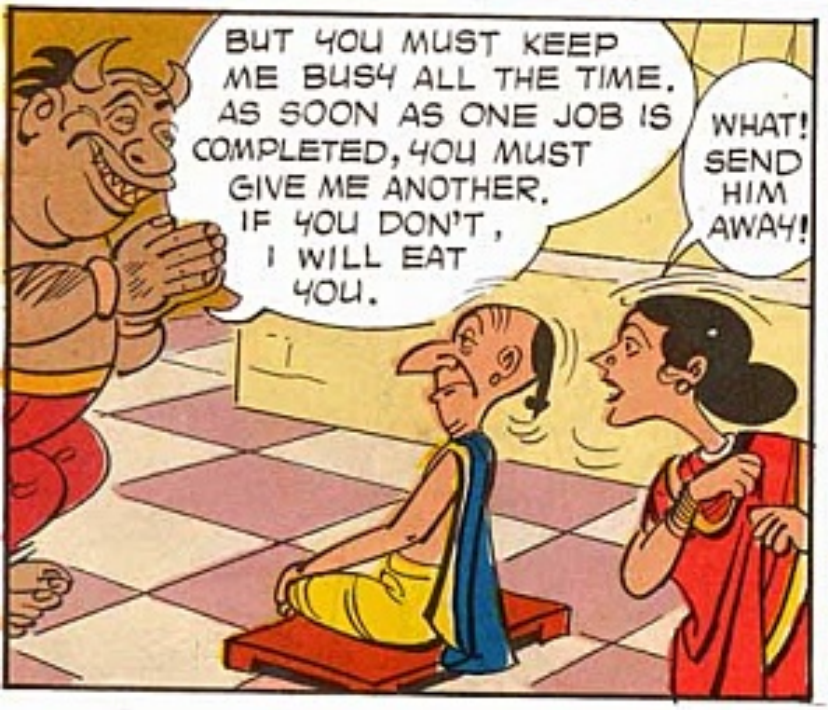


WILL HE REALLY? WHAT IS THE MANTRA?
LISTEN...
THE SANYASI TAUGHT HIM THE MANTRA AND WENT AWAY.

THE LANDLORD CHANTED THE MANTRA NIGHT AND DAY FOR THREE MONTHS. THEN, ON THE FIRST DAY OF THE FOURTH MONTH—

WHY HAVE YOU CALLED ME HERE?
I WANT YOU TO BECOME MY SERVANT AND OBEY ALL MY COMMANDS.

I'LL DO SO WITH PLEASURE.

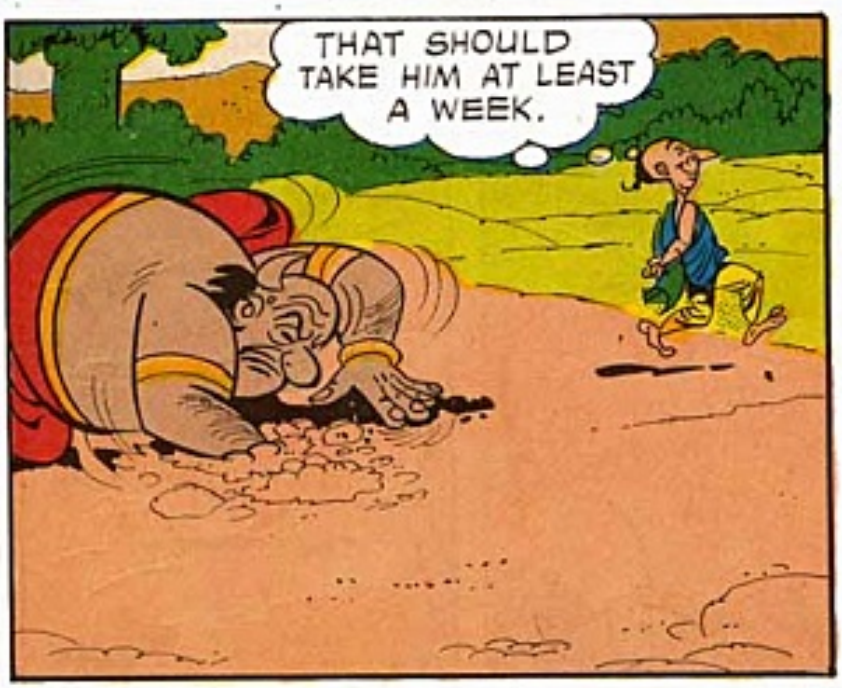

BUT YOU MUST KEEP ME BUSY ALL THE TIME. AS SOON AS ONE JOB IS COMPLETED, YOU MUST GIVE ME ANOTHER. IF YOU DON'T, I WILL EAT YOU.
WHAT! SEND HIM AWAY!

BUT THE LANDLORD PAID NO HEED TO HIS WIFE.
DON'T WORRY. I HAVE ENOUGH WORK FOR A DOZEN LIKE HIM.

I AGREE TO YOUR TERMS.

COME, FOLLOW ME.

THE LANDLORD LED THE DEMON TO ONE OF HIS FIELDS.
DIG A WELL HERE AND BUILD A WALL AROUND IT.
I WILL GET TO WORK AT ONCE.


THAT SHOULD TAKE HIM AT LEAST A WEEK.

BUT EVEN AS THE LANDLORD RETURNED HOME—
MASTER!

YOUR WELL IS READY.

WHAT CAN I DO NEXT?
HE IS STRONGER AND QUICKER THAN I THOUGHT.

WELL, THERE IS STILL A LOT OF WORK I CAN GIVE HIM.

COME WITH ME.

ALL THIS LAND FOR A HUNDRED MILES AROUND IS MINE.

GO AND PLOUGH IT.

THAT SHOULD KEEP HIM BUSY FOR SEVERAL WEEKS!

BUT TWO HOURS LATER—
MASTER, I'VE FINISHED THE JOB.

F-FINISHED?
YES.

I AWAIT YOUR NEXT ORDER.
ER...GO AND WATER THE GARDENS.

THE MONSTER BOUNDED AWAY TO PERFORM THE TASK.
I AM DOOMED! HE WORKS TOO FAST.

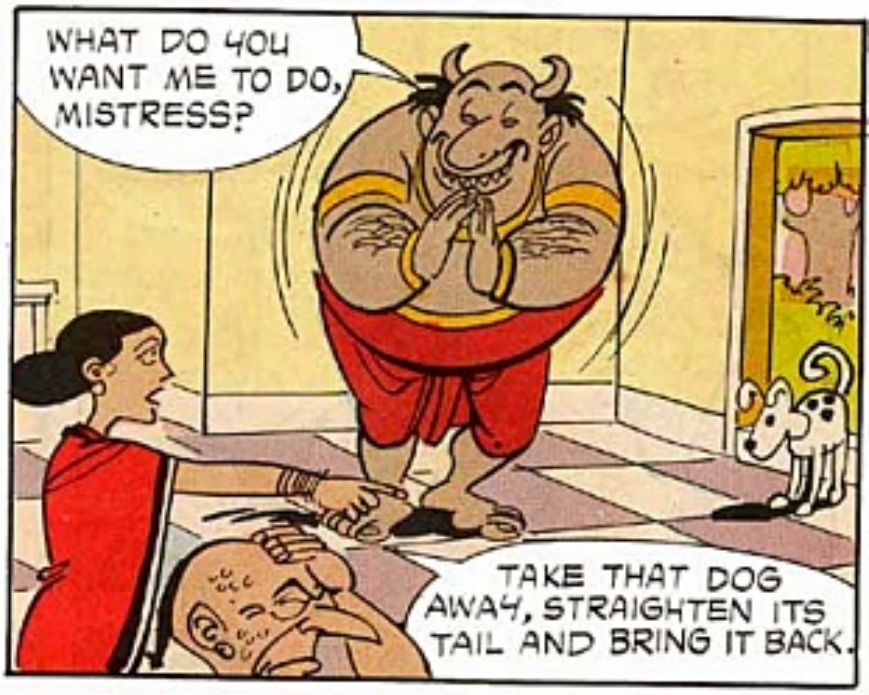
SOON I'LL HAVE NO JOBS TO GIVE HIM AND THEN...THEN...I WISH I HAD NEVER MET THAT SANYASI... OR LEARNT THAT MANTRA!
I HAVE NEVER SEEN MY HUSBAND LOOK SO WORRIED.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
IT'S THE DEMON. I HAVE NO MORE WORK FOR HIM.

HERE HE COMES! I AM FINISHED! HELP!
HUSH! LET ME DEAL WITH HIM. JUST ORDER HIM TO OBEY ME.

I HAVE WATERED YOUR GARDENS, MASTER. WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO NOW?

D-DO WHATEVER MY WIFE TELLS YOU TO DO.


WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO DO, MISTRESS?
TAKE THAT DOG AWAY, STRAIGHTEN ITS TAIL AND BRING IT BACK.

YOU CAN STOP WORRYING NOW. WE SHALL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN.

WHAT AN EASY TASK SHE HAS GIVEN ME!
YIP-YIPP!

THERE! I'VE DONE IT.
YIP-YIP-YIP.

BUT THE MOMENT HE LET GO THE TAIL—
GR-R-R!
SPROING

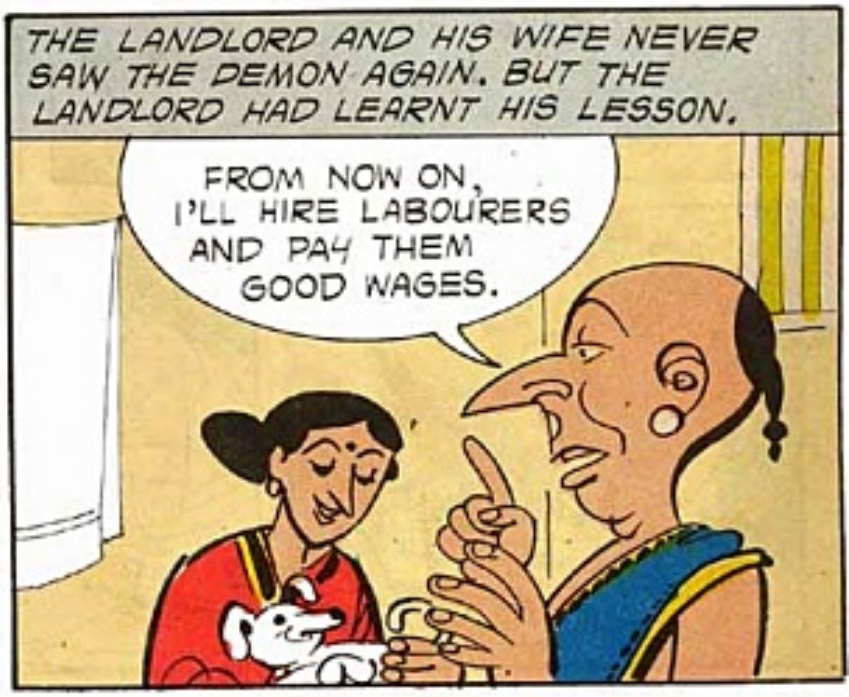
OH! OH! THIS TASK IS MORE DIFFICULT THAN I THOUGHT.
SPRING

THE DEMON SPENT THE WHOLE DAY TRYING TO STRAIGHTEN THE PUPPY'S TAIL...

...BUT WITHOUT SUCCESS.
SPROING

FINALLY—
I'VE HAD ENOUGH. THIS IS AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK.

LET THE MISTRESS STRAIGHTEN OUT ITS TAIL HERSELF.


THE LANDLORD AND HIS WIFE NEVER SAW THE DEMON AGAIN. BUT THE LANDLORD HAD LEARNT HIS LESSON.
FROM NOW ON, I'LL HIRE LABOURERS AND PAY THEM GOOD WAGES.

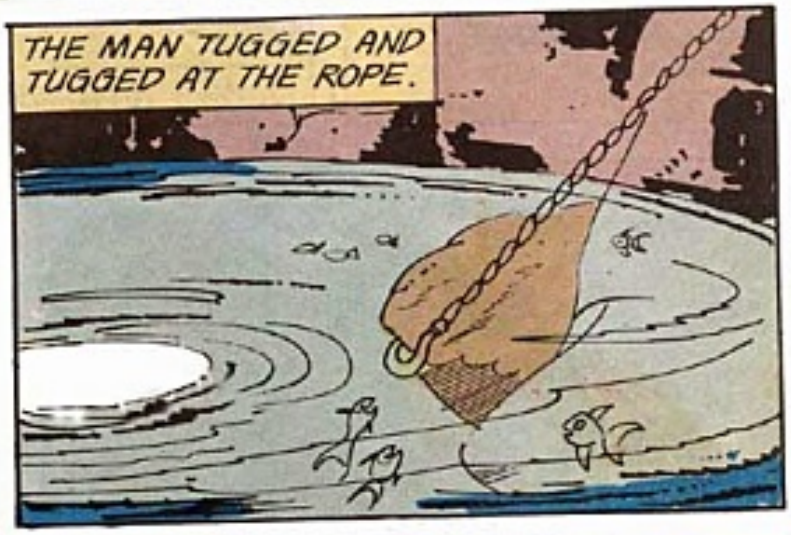
THE MOON IN THE WELL

Script : Subba Rao
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar

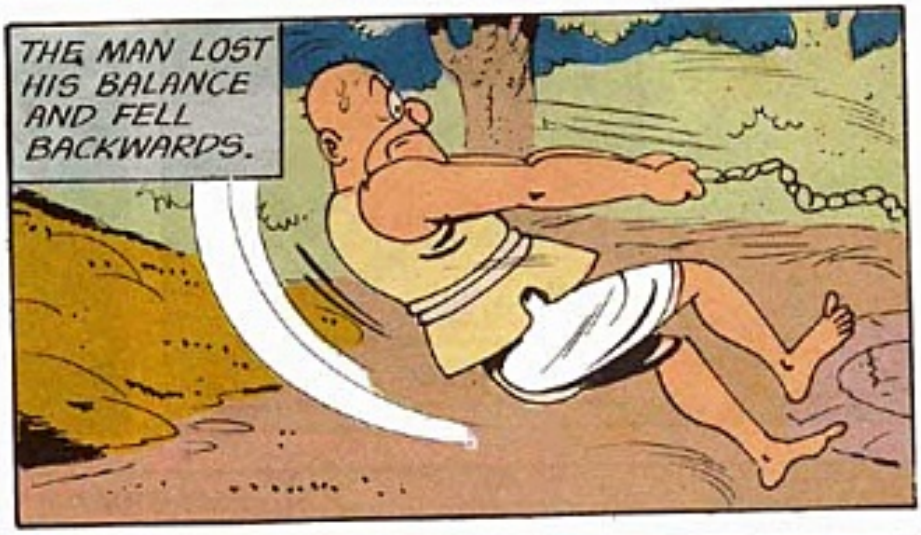
AH ! I'VE GOT HIM.

IN A MINUTE HE'LL BE OUT OF THE WELL AND UP IN THE SKY WHERE HE BELONGS.

PHEW! HE'S QUITE A HEAVY FELLOW!


THE MAN TUGGED AND TUGGED AT THE ROPE.

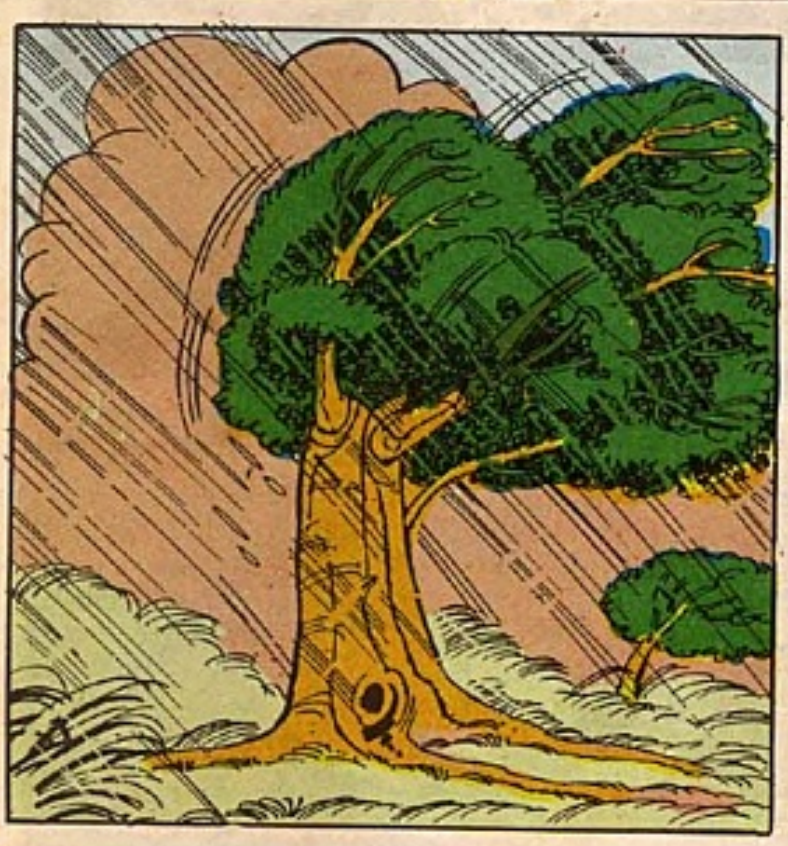
HE TUGGED SO HARD THAT THE HOOK GOT UNSTUCK.

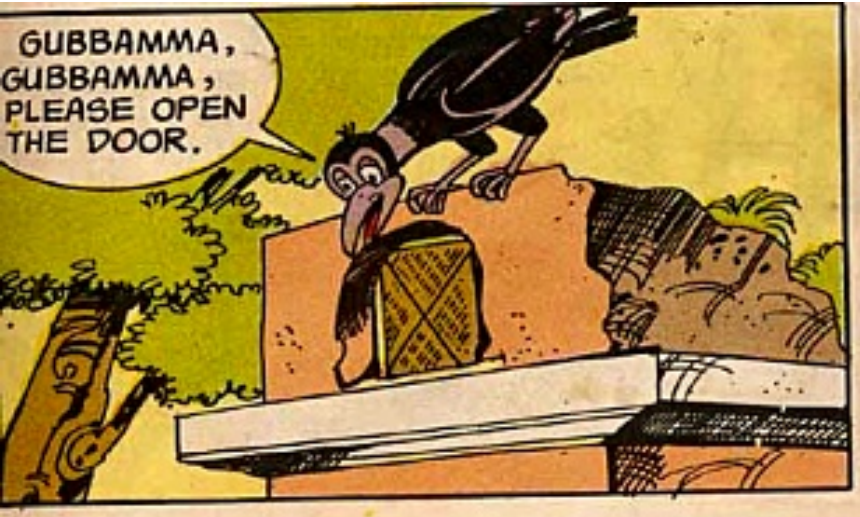

THE MAN LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL BACKWARDS.

HAH! SO I DID SUCCEED IN PUTTING YOU BACK UP THERE! YOU SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO ME.

KAKAMMA-GUBBAMMA

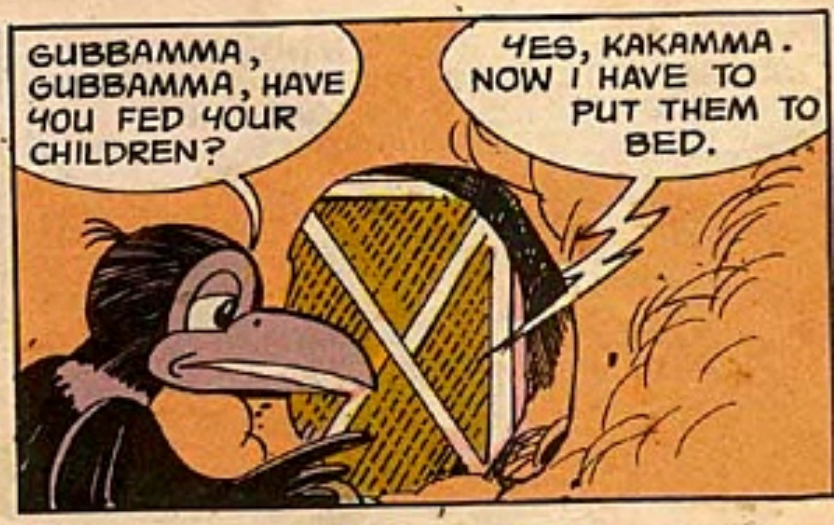
SCRIPT: SUBBA RAO
ILLUSTRATIONS: MOHANDAS

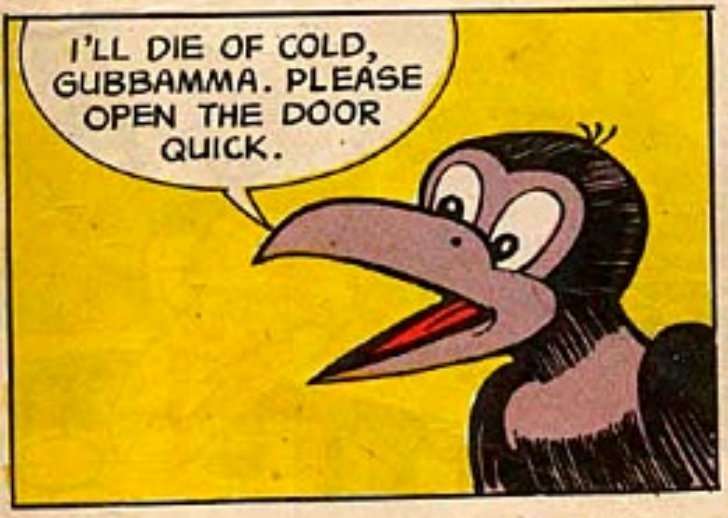



GUBBAMMA, GUBBAMMA, PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR.

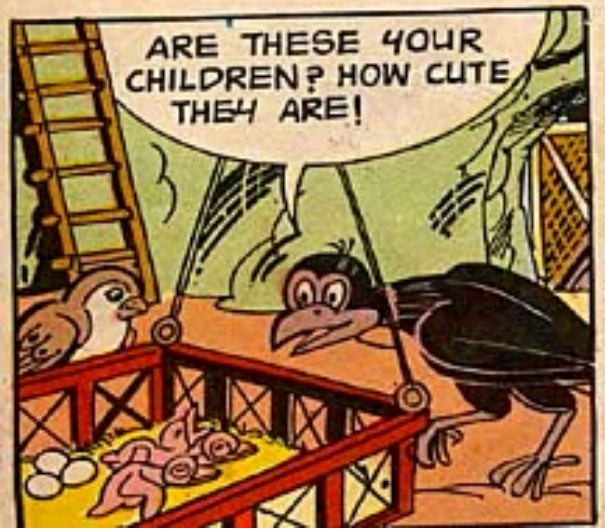
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT, KAKAMMA. I'M BATHING MY CHILDREN.

GUBBAMMA, GUBBAMMA, I AM WET AND COLD. PLEASE HURRY.
YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT, KAKAMMA. I'M FEEDING MY CHILDREN.


GUBBAMMA, GUBBAMMA, HAVE YOU FED YOUR CHILDREN?
YES, KAKAMMA. NOW I HAVE TO PUT THEM TO BED.


I'LL DIE OF COLD, GUBBAMMA. PLEASE OPEN THE DOOR QUICK.

AT LAST GUBBAMMA OPENED THE DOOR.
MY MUD HOUSE HAS BEEN WASHED AWAY AND I HAVE NOWHERE TO GO.
PLEASE COME IN, KAKAMMA.


ARE THESE YOUR CHILDREN? HOW CUTE THEY ARE!

AND THREE MORE ON THE WAY! WHAT A BIG FAMILY YOU WILL HAVE, GUBBAMMA.
I LOVE CHILDREN, KAKAMMA.

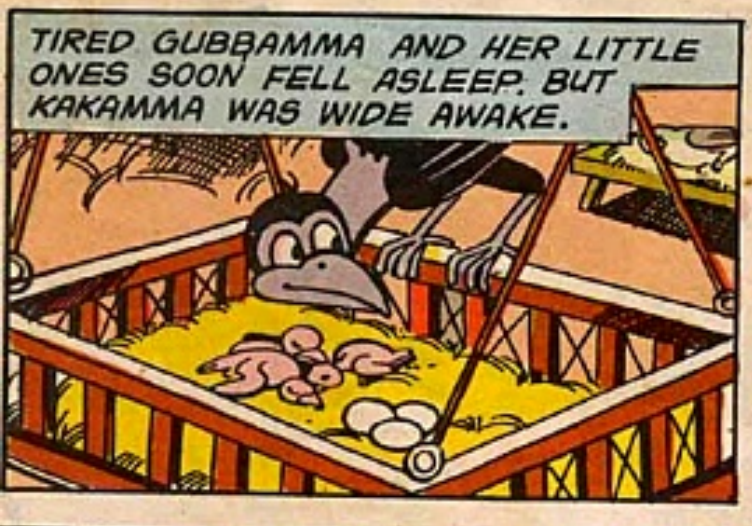
I LOVE THEM TOO.

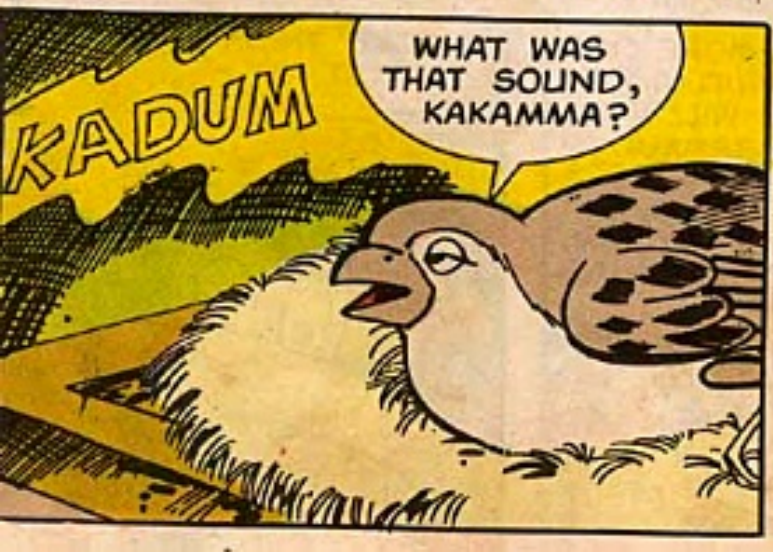
I'M TIRED, GUBBAMMA. WHERE SHALL I SLEEP?

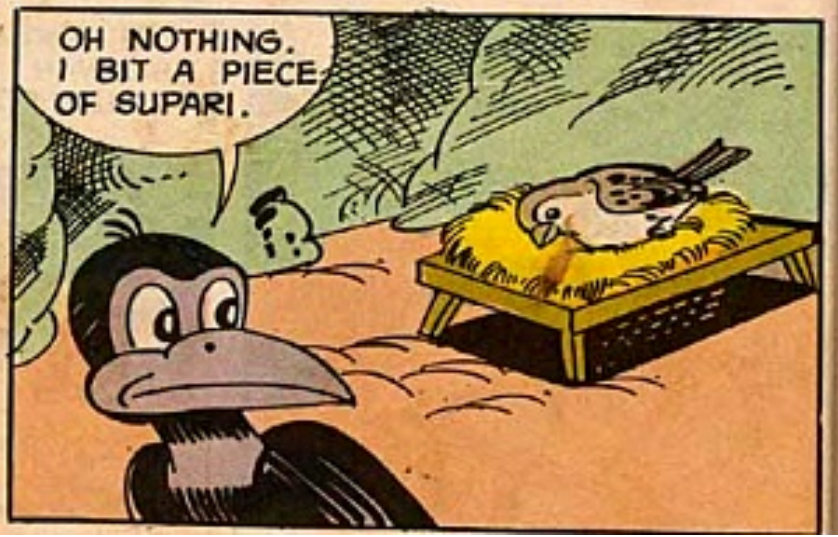
YOU MAY SLEEP NEAR THAT LADDER, KAKAMMA.
OH, NO! I'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH IF IT FALLS ON ME.

WILL YOU SLEEP NEAR THE DOOR?
OH, NO! MY SLEEP WILL BE DISTURBED IF SOMEONE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR.

WILL YOU SLEEP NEAR THE CRADLE? THAT'S THE ONLY PLACE LEFT.
AH! THAT'S THE BEST PLACE.

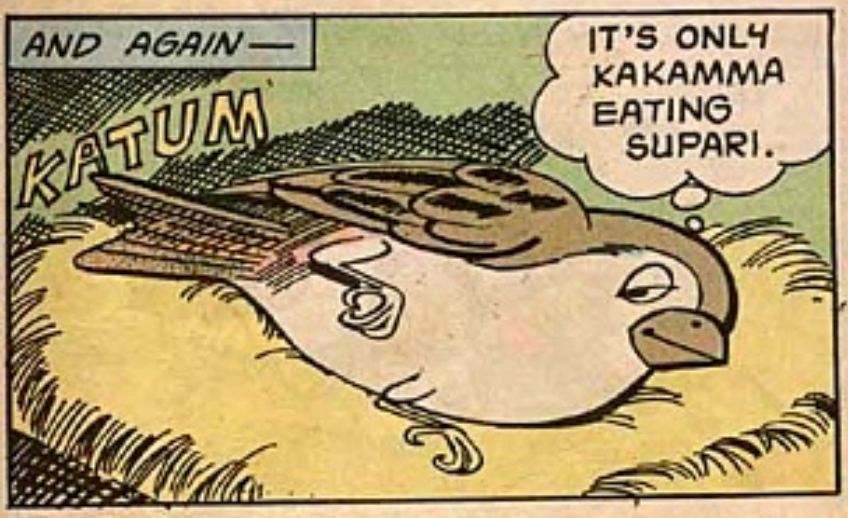

TIRED GUBBAMMA AND HER LITTLE ONES SOON FELL ASLEEP. BUT KAKAMMA WAS WIDE AWAKE.


KADUM
WHAT WAS THAT SOUND, KAKAMMA?

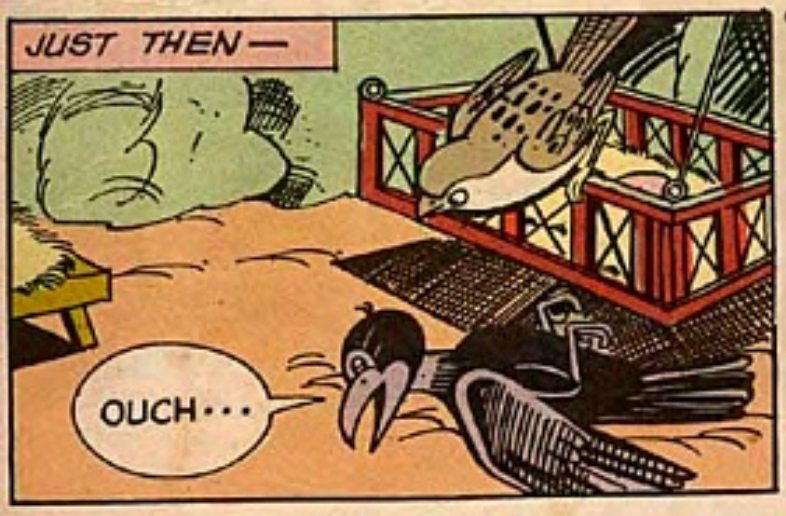

OH NOTHING. I BIT A PIECE OF SUPARI.

A SHORT WHILE LATER—
KATUM
KAKAMMA...

DON'T WORRY, GUBBAMMA. IT'S THE SUPARI. I BIT OFF ANOTHER PIECE.

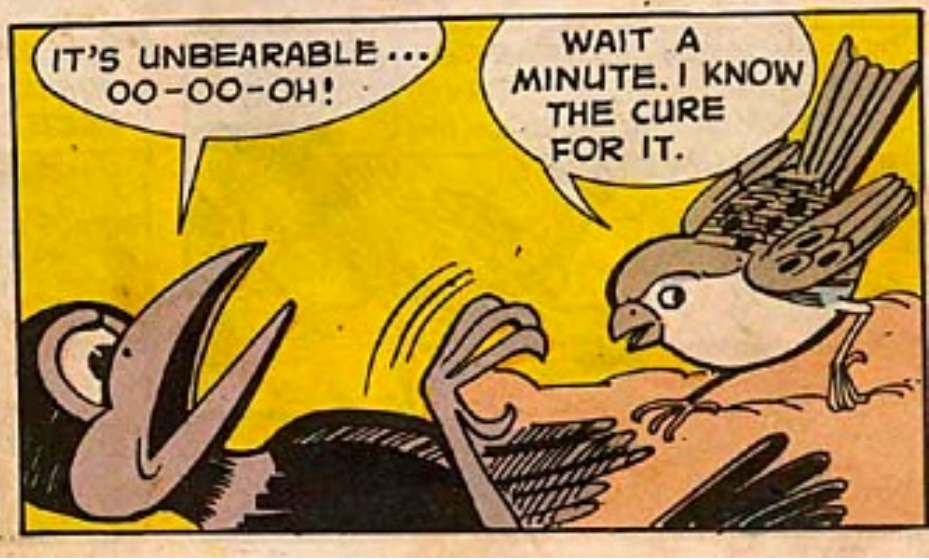

AND AGAIN—
KATUM
IT'S ONLY KAKAMMA EATING SUPARI.

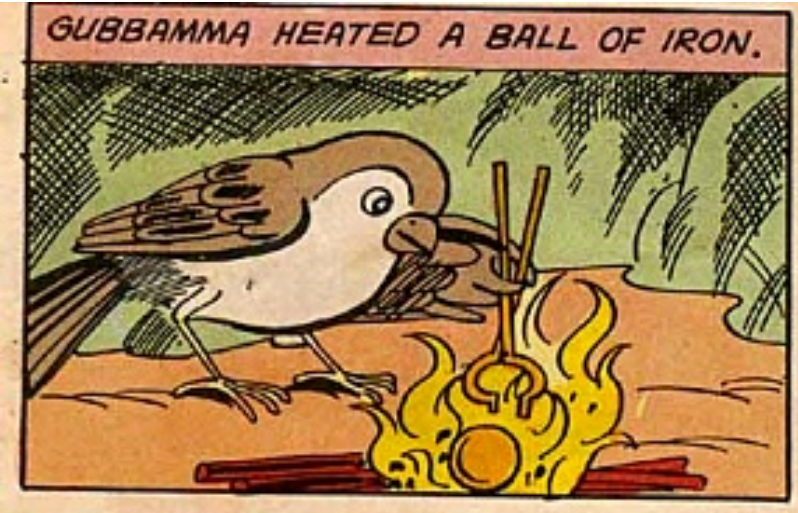
EARLY IN THE MORNING WHEN GUBBAMMA WENT TO THE CRADLE—
GONE! MY EGGS HAVE VANISHED! THE SUPARI... KAKAMMA... OH, NO!

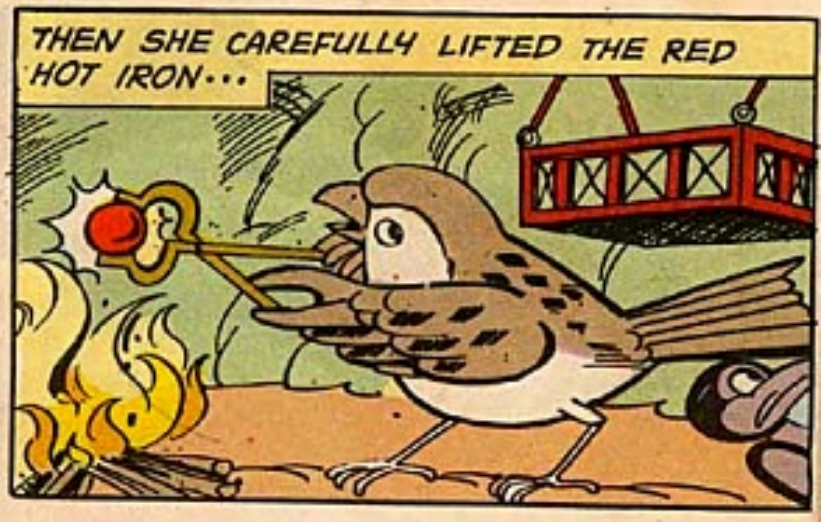

JUST THEN—
OUCH...

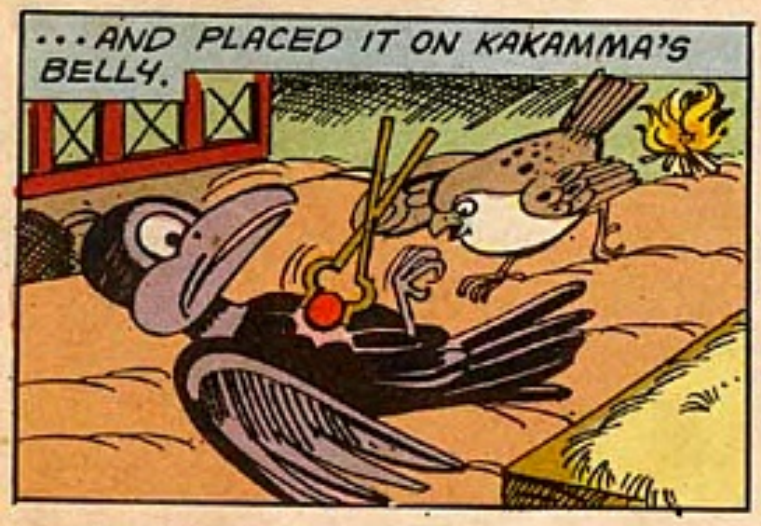
KAKAMMA, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
OO-OO-OH... MY STOMACH! IT'S THE SUPARI!

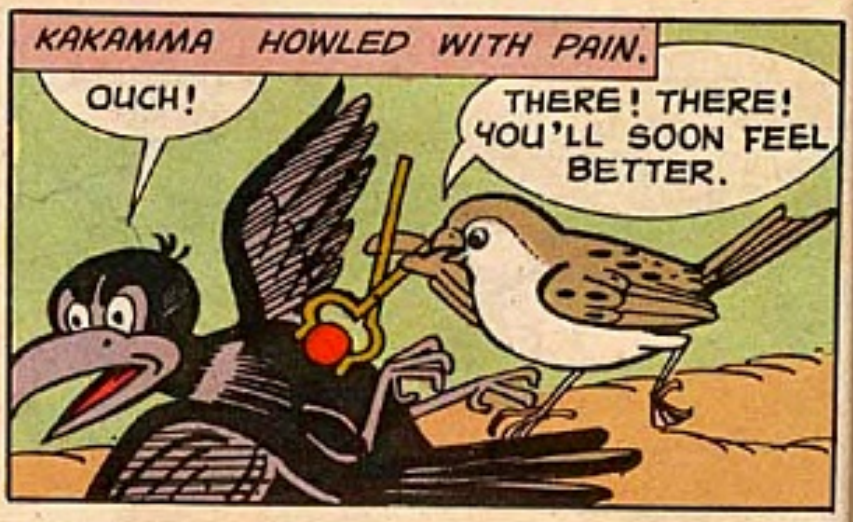
OH! IS IT?


IT'S UNBEARABLE... OO-OO-OH!
WAIT A MINUTE. I KNOW THE CURE FOR IT.

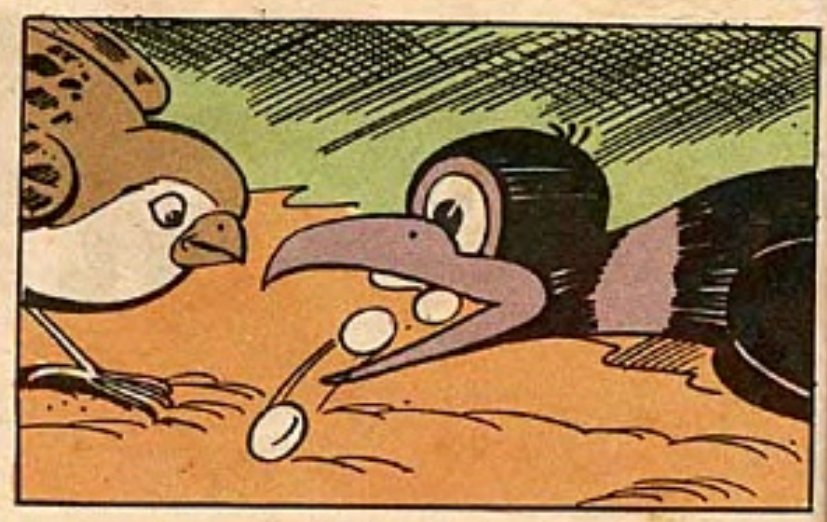

GUBBAMMA HEATED A BALL OF IRON.

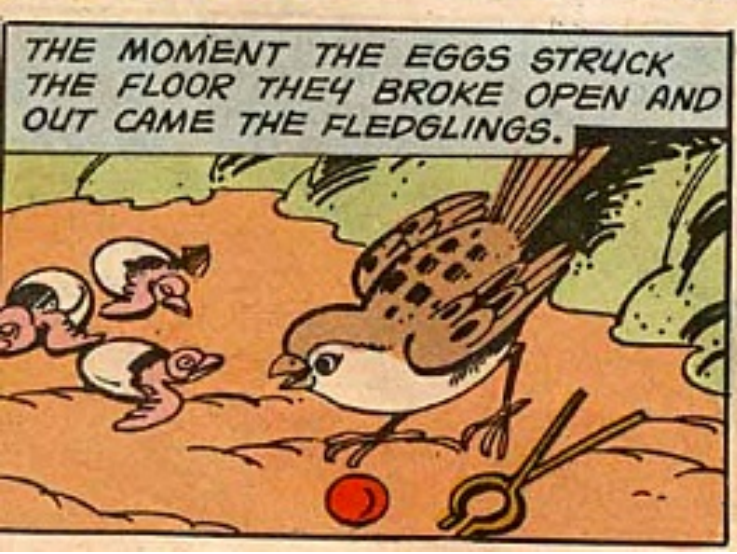

THEN SHE CAREFULLY LIFTED THE RED HOT IRON...

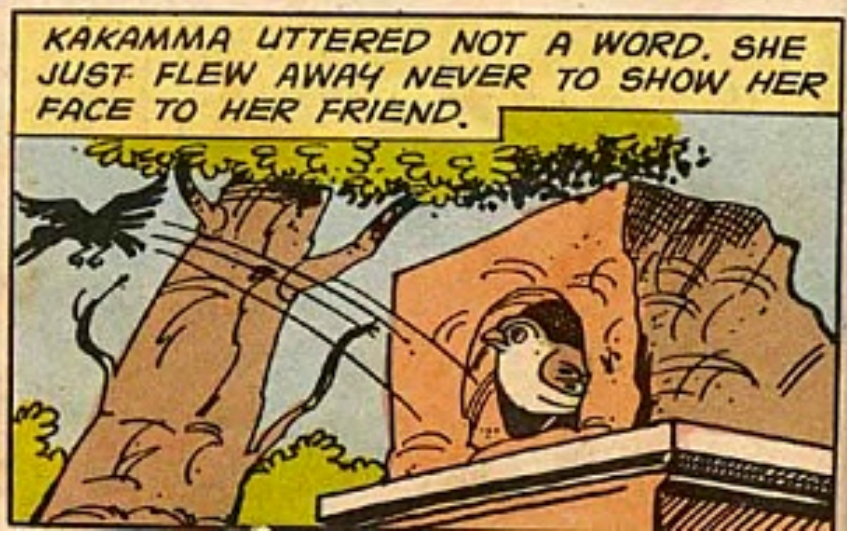

...AND PLACED IT ON KAKAMMA'S BELLY.


KAKAMMA HOWLED WITH PAIN.
OUCH!
THERE! THERE! YOU'LL SOON FEEL BETTER.

THAT'S IT! LET IT ALL COME OUT.

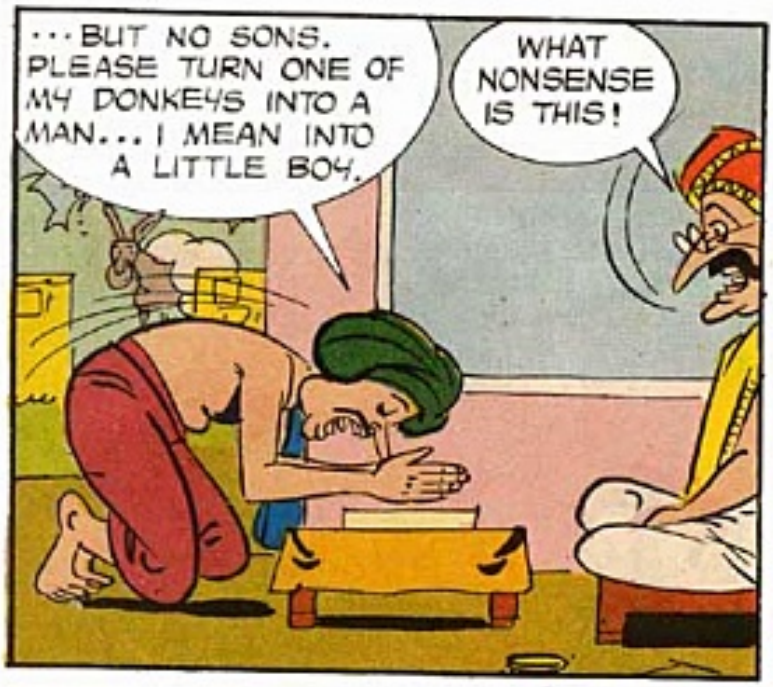



THE MOMENT THE EGGS STRUCK THE FLOOR THEY BROKE OPEN AND OUT CAME THE FLEDGLINGS.

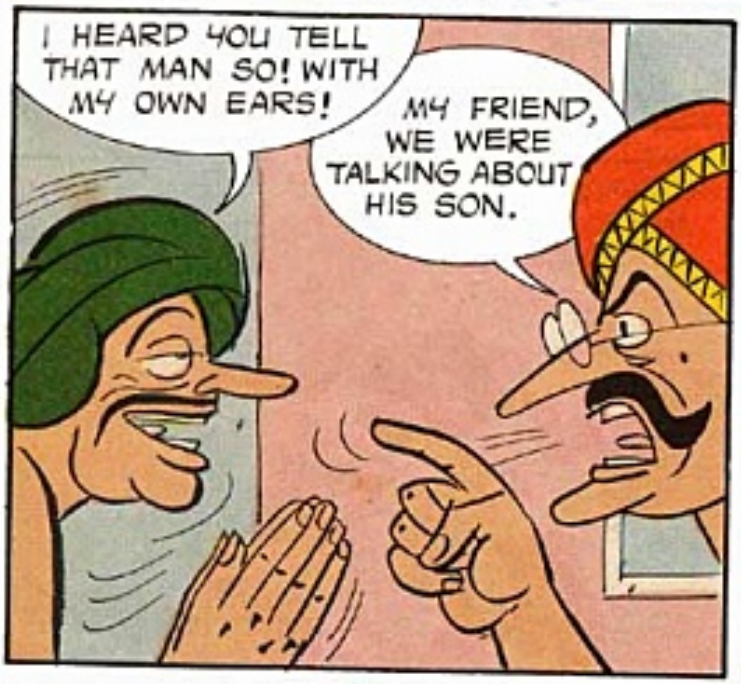

KAKAMMA UTTERED NOT A WORD. SHE JUST FLEW AWAY NEVER TO SHOW HER FACE TO HER FRIEND.

THE DHOBI AND HIS DONKEY
—A FOLKTALE FROM KARNATAKA

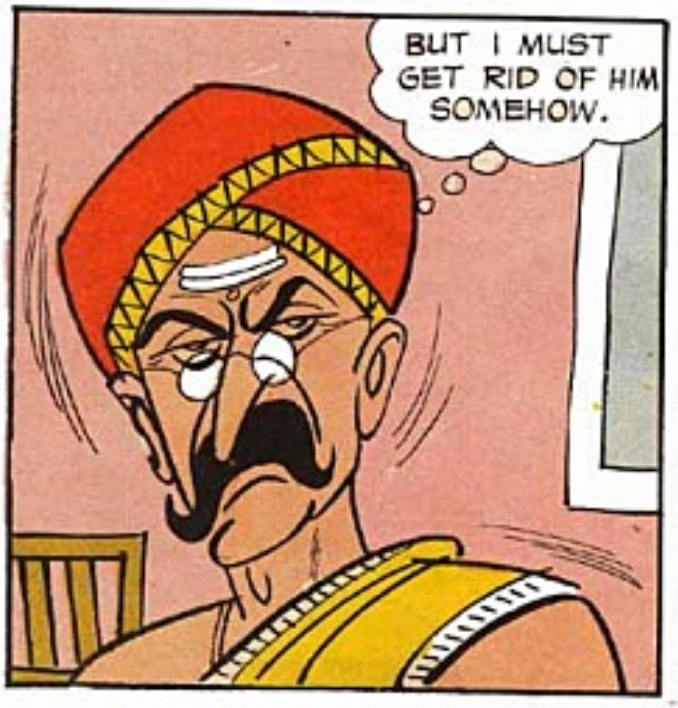
Script : Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar


...BUT NO SONS. PLEASE TURN ONE OF MY DONKEYS INTO A MAN... I MEAN INTO A LITTLE BOY.
WHAT NONSENSE IS THIS!

NO ONE CAN TURN A DONKEY INTO A MAN...OR A BOY...OR ANYTHING ELSE!
YOU CAN, HOLY SIR.


I HEARD YOU TELL THAT MAN SO! WITH MY OWN EARS!
MY FRIEND, WE WERE TALKING ABOUT HIS SON.

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME, HOLY SIR. I WON'T GO AWAY TILL YOU AGREE TO CHANGE MY DONKEY INTO A BOY.
HE IS AS STUPID AS A DONKEY HIMSELF.


BUT I MUST GET RID OF HIM SOMEHOW.

ALL RIGHT. GO BRING YOUR DONKEY.
OH, THANK YOU, SIR.

AT LAST! I AM GOING TO BE A FATHER!

THE DHOBI RAN HOME...

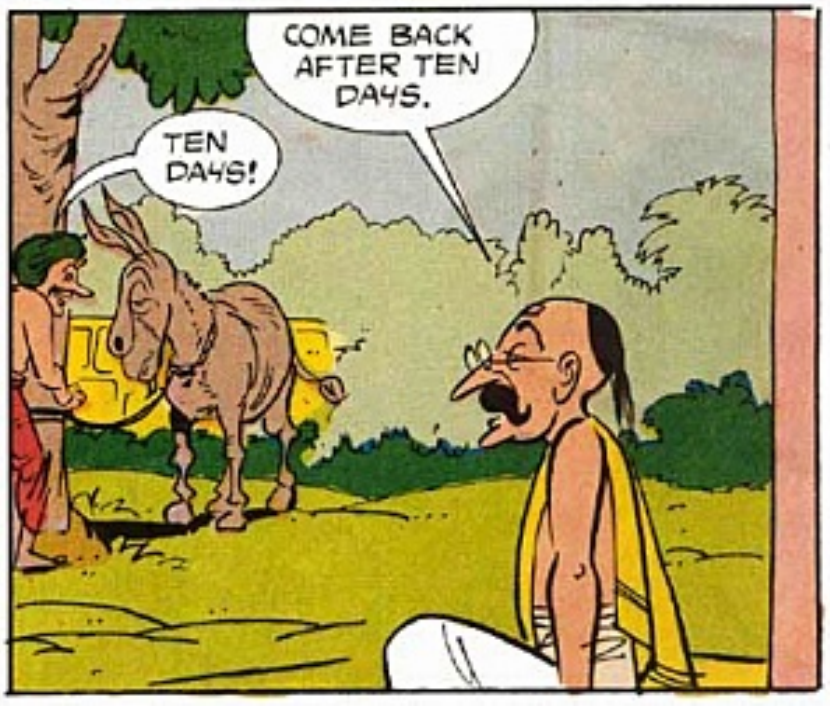
...SELECTED THE BEST DONKEY IN HIS STABLE...

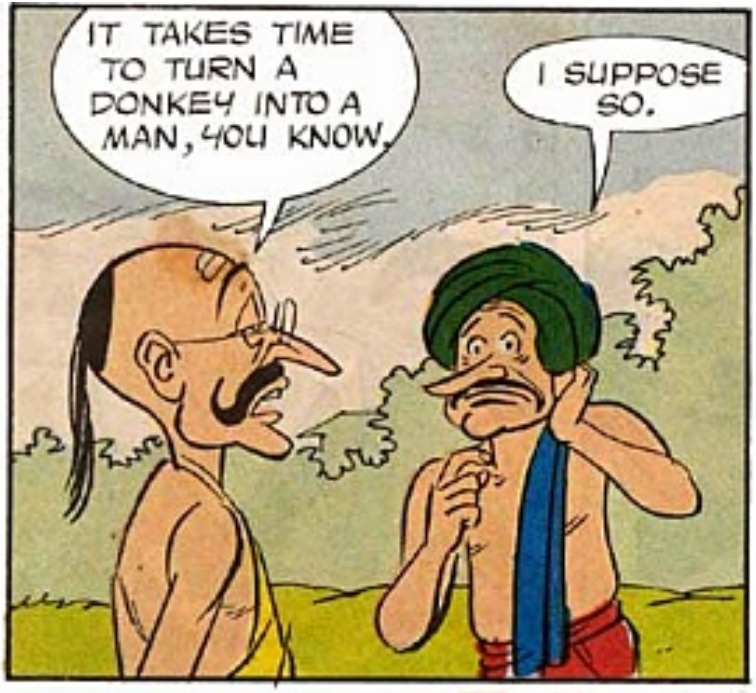
...AND RETURNED TO THE PANDIT'S HOUSE.
WAKE UP, HOLY SIR.

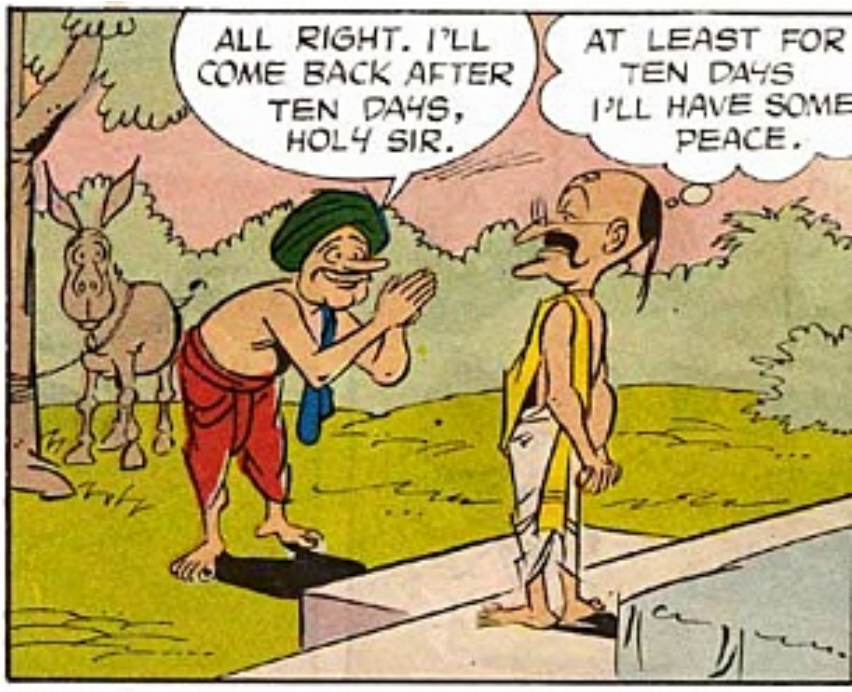
MY FUTURE SON IS HERE.
EH?

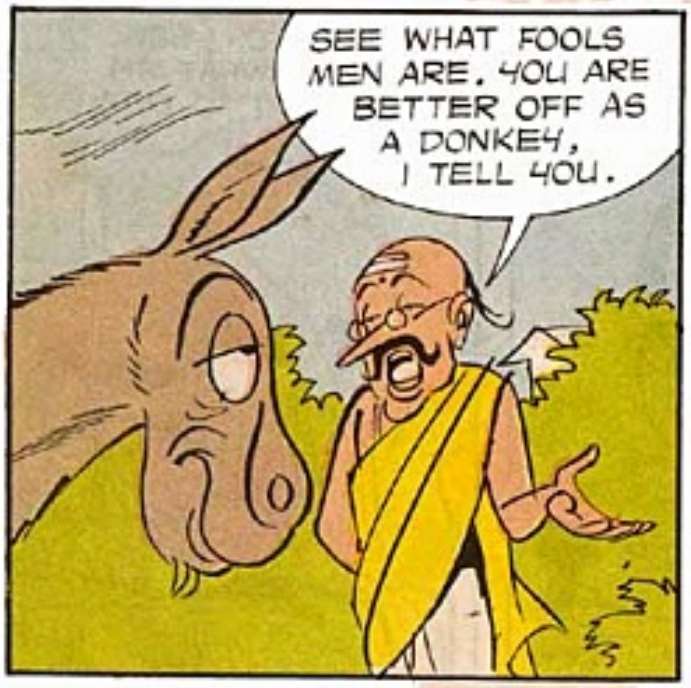
OH! NOW WHAT AM I TO DO?

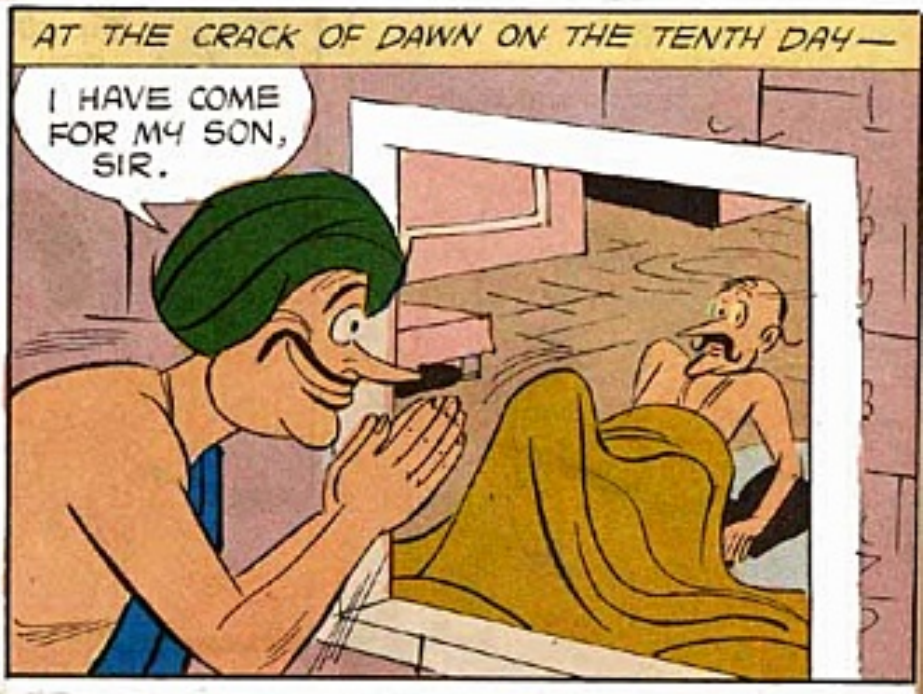
ER... WELL, YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR DONKEY HERE.


COME BACK AFTER TEN DAYS.
TEN DAYS!

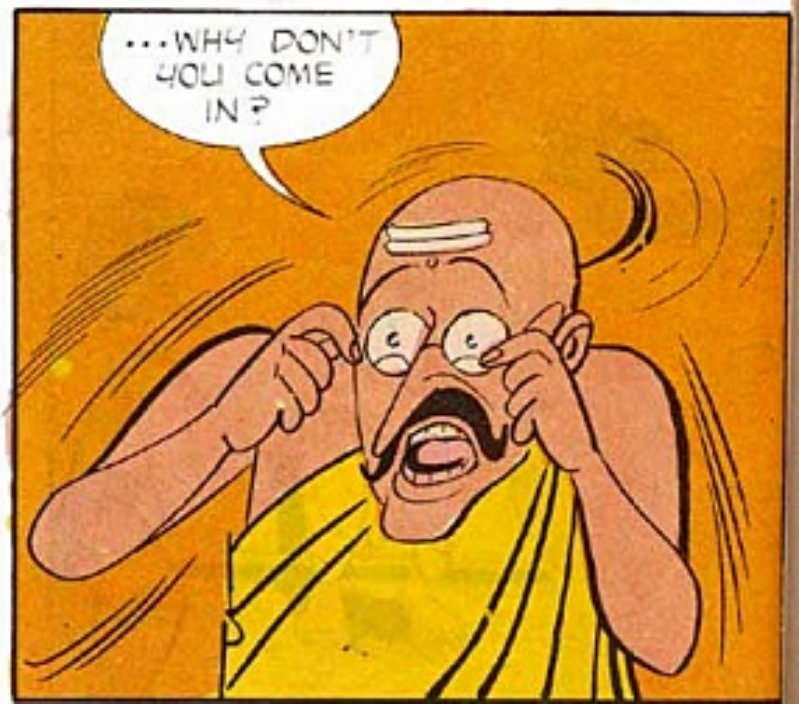

IT TAKES TIME TO TURN A DONKEY INTO A MAN, YOU KNOW.
I SUPPOSE SO.


ALL RIGHT. I'LL COME BACK AFTER TEN DAYS, HOLY SIR.
AT LEAST FOR TEN DAYS I'LL HAVE SOME PEACE.


SEE WHAT FOOLS MEN ARE. YOU ARE BETTER OFF AS A DONKEY, I TELL YOU.


AT THE CRACK OF DAWN ON THE TENTH DAY—
I HAVE COME FOR MY SON, SIR.

HOW IS HE? WHO DOES HE LOOK LIKE?
ER... WELL...


...WHY DON'T YOU COME IN?

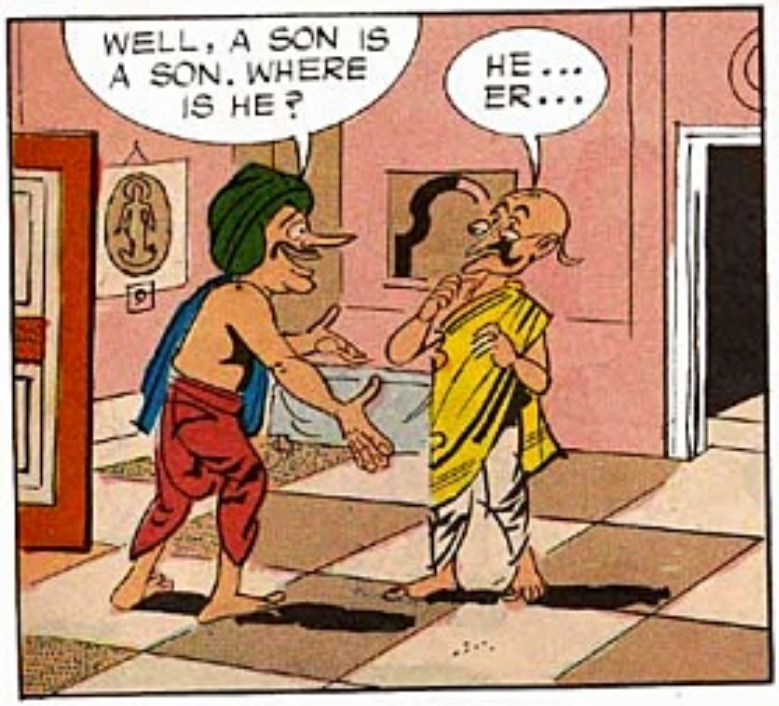
I DON'T HAVE THE HEART TO TELL HIM HIS DONKEY IS STILL VERY MUCH A DONKEY.

I COULDN'T SLEEP THE WHOLE NIGHT! WHERE IS HE?
LOOK FRIEND...

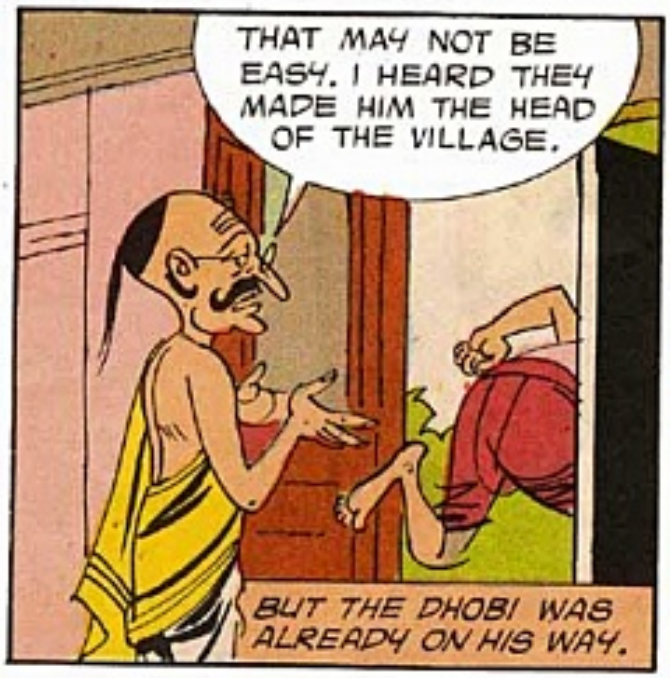
I COULDN'T CHANGE YOUR DONKEY INTO A BOY...
WHAT!

I... I MEAN I COULDN'T TURN HIM INTO A BOY... I HAVE TURNED HIM INTO A MAN.

A FULL GROWN MAN?
YES.


WELL, A SON IS A SON. WHERE IS HE?
HE... ER...

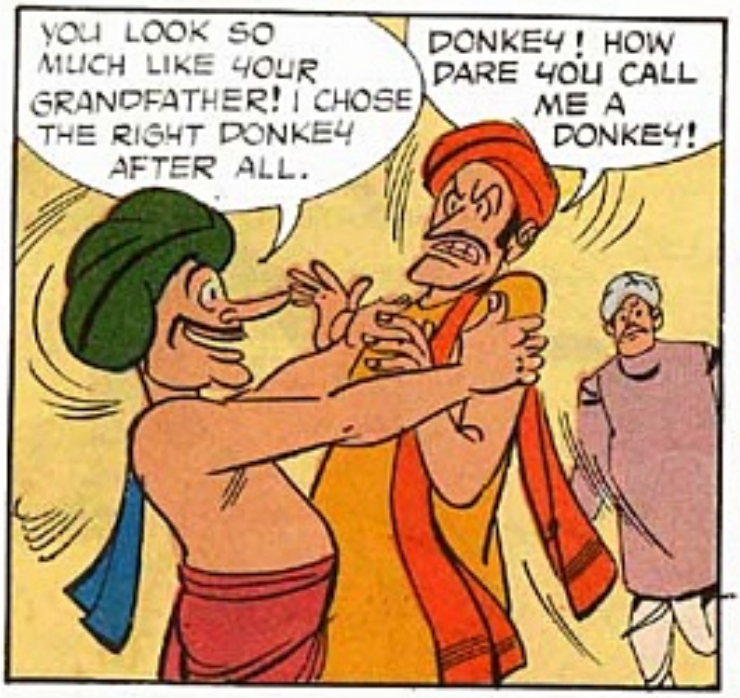
...HE WENT OFF TO THE NEXT VILLAGE.
I'LL GO AND BRING HIM BACK IMMEDIATELY!


THAT MAY NOT BE EASY. I HEARD THEY MADE HIM THE HEAD OF THE VILLAGE.
BUT THE DHOBI WAS ALREADY ON HIS WAY.

WHEN HE ARRIVED AT THE NEXT VILLAGE—
WHERE IS THE HEAD OF YOUR VILLAGE?
THAT'S HIM.

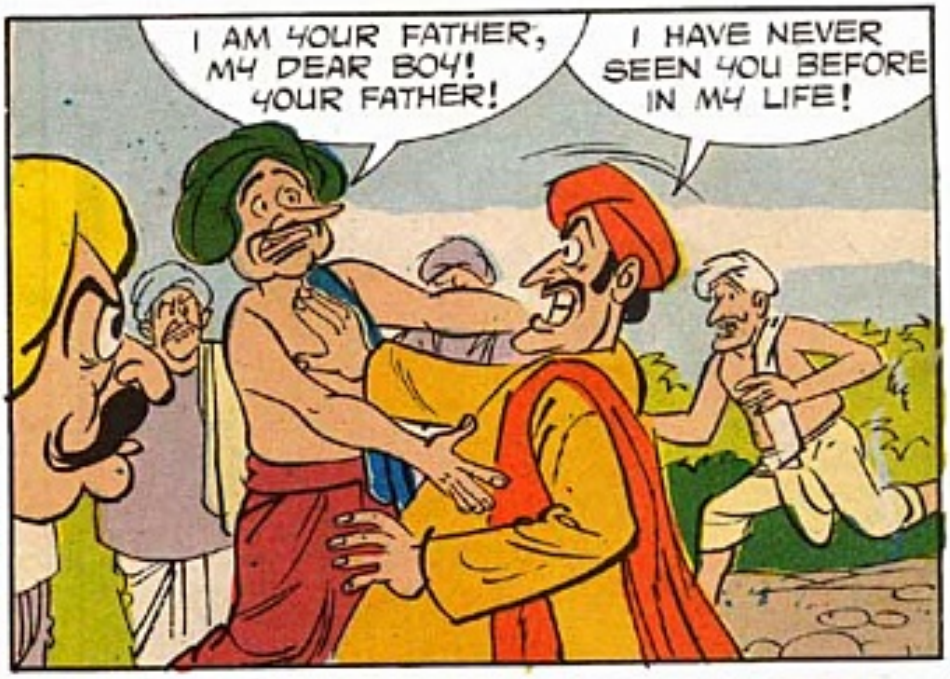
MY SON! MY SON!
!?

I AM SO PROUD OF YOU.


YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE YOUR GRANDFATHER! I CHOSE THE RIGHT DONKEY AFTER ALL.
DONKEY! HOW DARE YOU CALL ME A DONKEY!

WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WHAT!

YOU DON'T RECOGNISE YOUR OWN FATHER!


I AM YOUR FATHER, MY DEAR BOY! YOUR FATHER!
I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

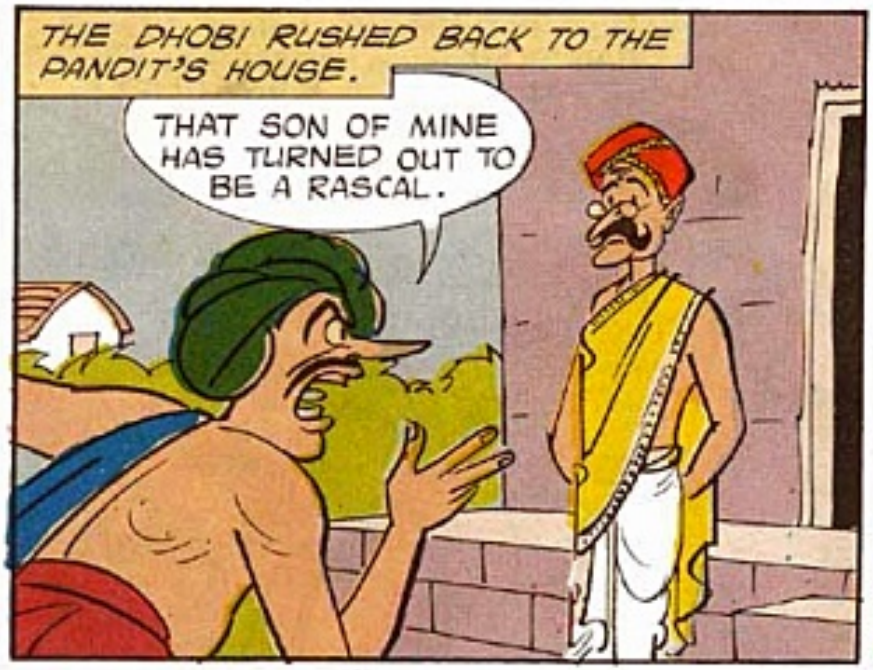
'HOW COULD YOU? YOU ARE ONLY TEN DAYS OLD.
SOMEBODY TAKE THIS MADMAN AWAY!

LET ME GO! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME!
THE VILLAGERS DRAGGED THE DHOBI AWAY...

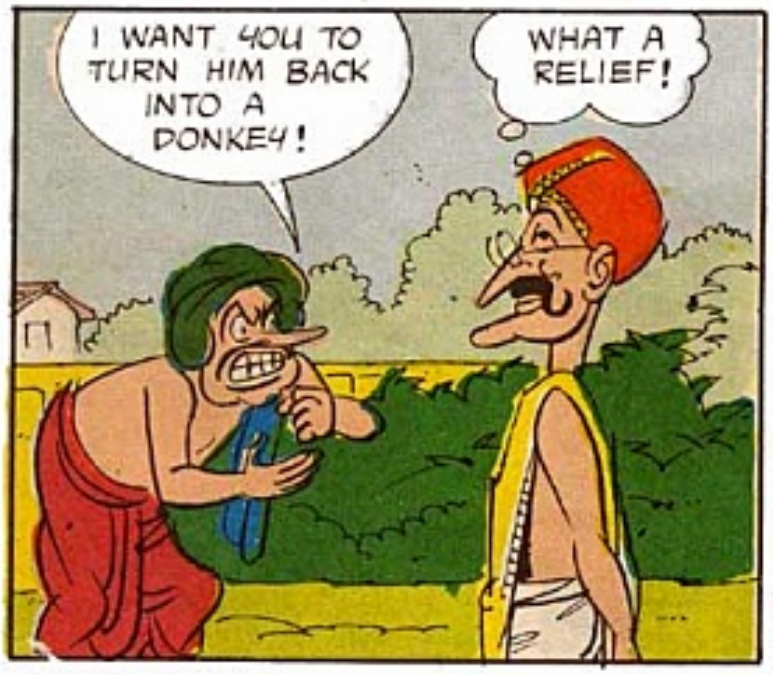
...AND THREW HIM OUT OF THE VILLAGE.
YOU'LL GET A THRASHING IF YOU COME BACK.

MADMAN! HE CALLED ME A MADMAN.

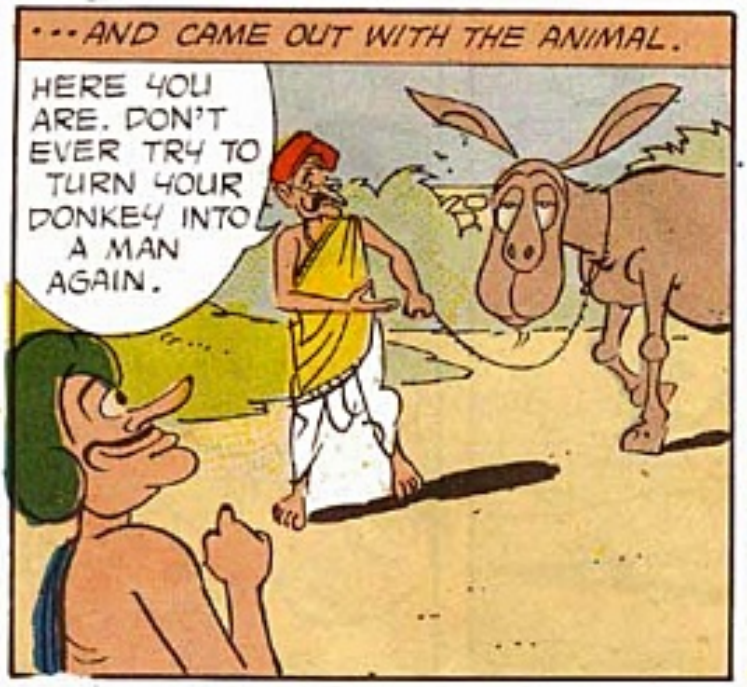
HE THINKS THAT BECAUSE HE IS A BIG MAN, HE CAN TREAT ME AS HE WANTS. WELL, I'LL SHOW HIM.


THE DHOBI RUSHED BACK TO THE PANDIT'S HOUSE.
THAT SON OF MINE HAS TURNED OUT TO BE A RASCAL.

HE PRETENDS NOT TO RECOGNISE ME. IT'S BETTER NOT TO HAVE SUCH A SON AT ALL.


I WANT YOU TO TURN HIM BACK INTO A DONKEY!
WHAT A RELIEF!

WAIT HERE, THEN. IT DOESN'T TAKE ME LONG TO TURN A MAN INTO A DONKEY.
THE PANDIT RUSHED TO THE SHED WHERE HE HAD HIDDEN THE DONKEY...

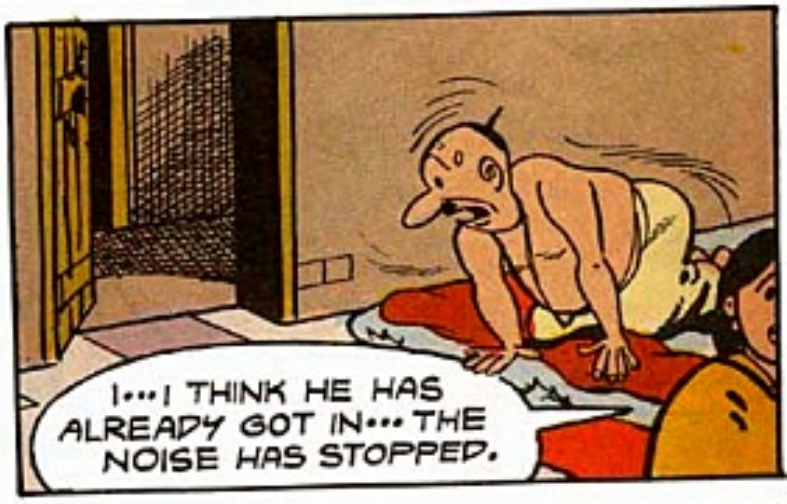

...AND CAME OUT WITH THE ANIMAL.
HERE YOU ARE. DON'T EVER TRY TO TURN YOUR DONKEY INTO A MAN AGAIN.

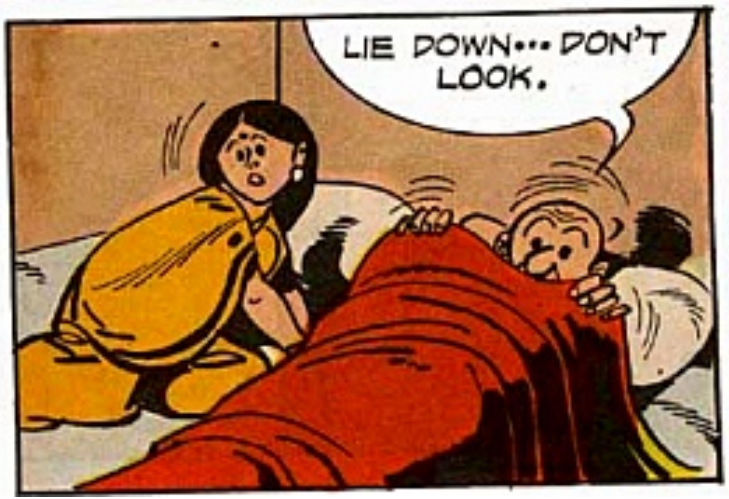
NEVER! I HAVE LEARNT MY LESSON.
AND THE DHOBI WENT OFF WITH HIS DONKEY.

RAMA TO THE RESCUE

—a folktale from Tamil Nadu

Script : Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations : Ram Waeerkar





WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
I'LL TELL YOU. LISTEN...

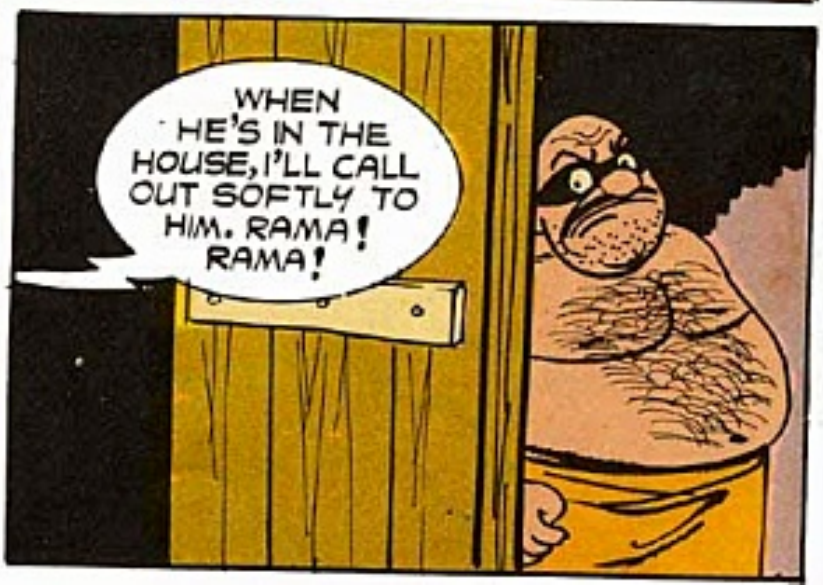
MEANWHILE—
VOICES! THEY'RE AWAKE. I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THEY FALL ASLEEP.

I WONDER WHERE THEY KEEP THEIR MONEY.

THEY'RE SAYING SOMETHING. PERHAPS THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THEIR MONEY. I'D BETTER LISTEN CLOSELY.

WHAT SHOULD WE NAME OUR CHILD?
IF HE IS A BOY WE'LL CALL HIM RAMA.

RAMA? YES... THAT'S A GOOD NAME.


WHEN HE'S IN THE HOUSE, I'LL CALL OUT SOFTLY TO HIM. RAMA! RAMA!

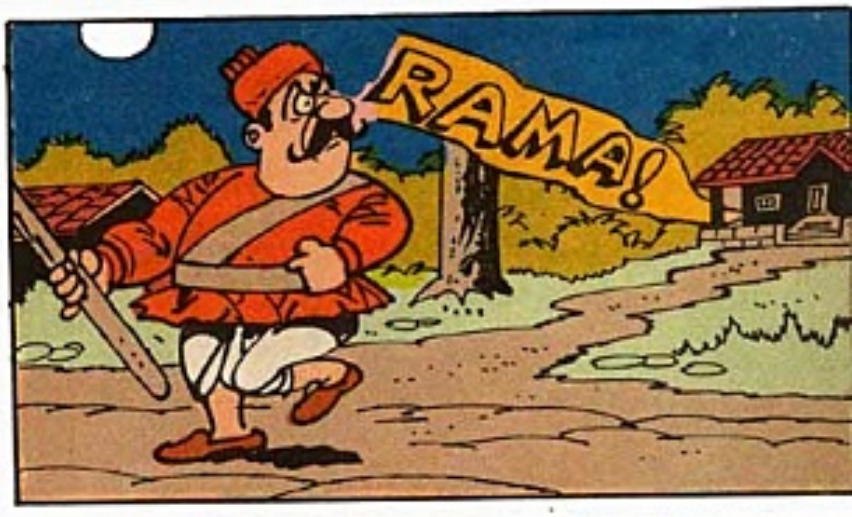
BUT WHAT IF HE'S IN THE YARD?
THEN I'LL CALL OUT A LITTLE LOUDER. RAMA, RAMA!

I WISH THEY WOULD STOP THIS SILLY GAME AND TALK ABOUT THEIR MONEY INSTEAD.

OR FALL ASLEEP AT LEAST!

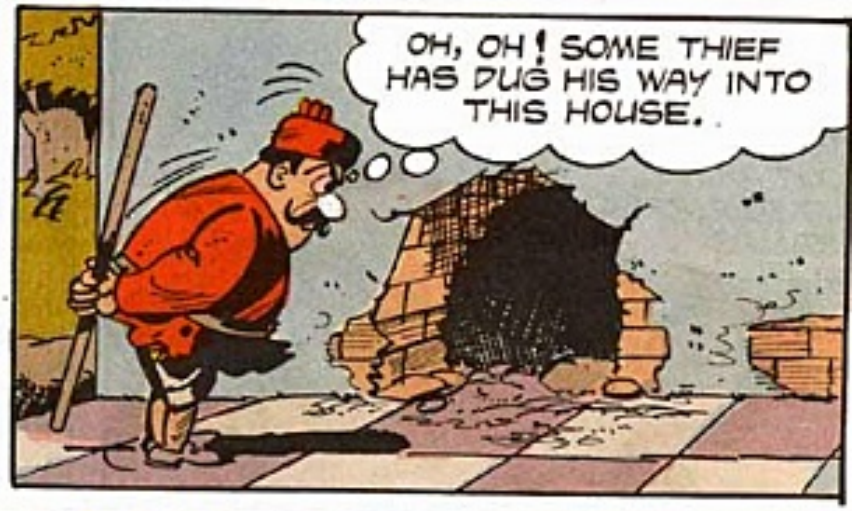
BUT MY DEAR, WHAT IF THE BOY IS NOT IN THE HOUSE OR IN THE YARD, BUT IN THE STREET?
OH, THEN I'LL CALL OUT VERY LOUDLY...

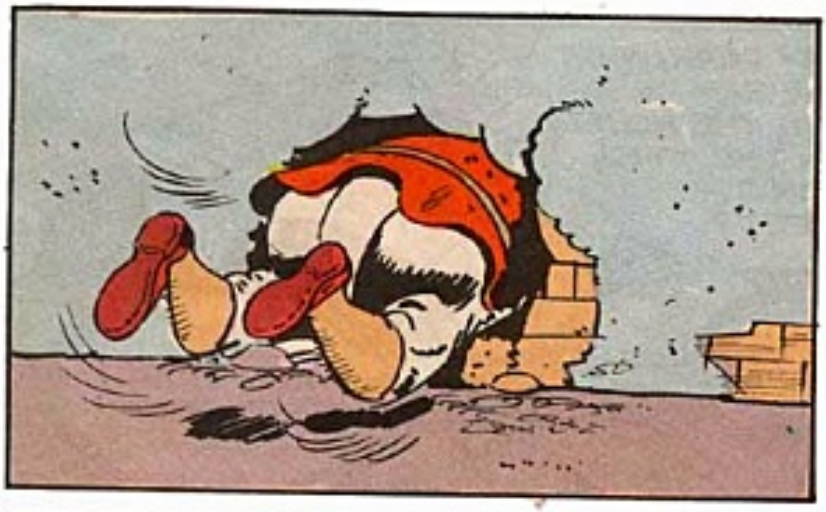
RAMA! RAMA!

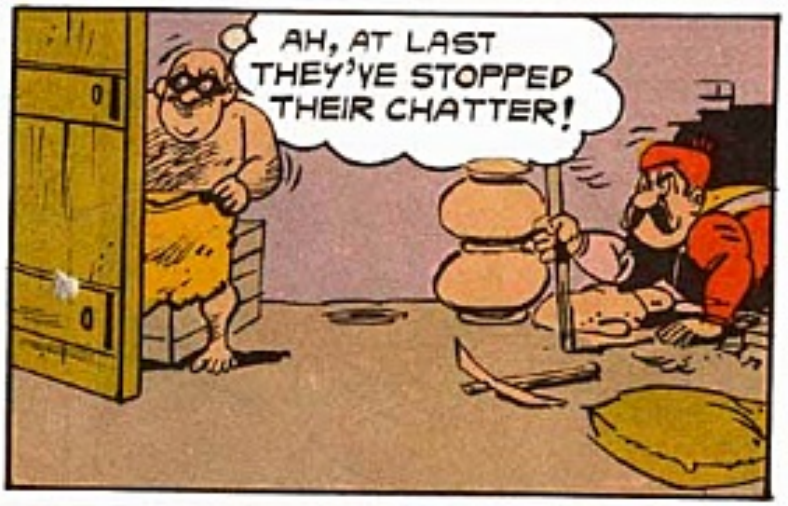

RAMA!

RAMA!

RAMA, THE VILLAGE KOTWAL, RAN TO THE HOUSE FROM WHICH HE HEARD HIS NAME BEING CALLED.


OH, OH! SOME THIEF HAS DUG HIS WAY INTO THIS HOUSE.

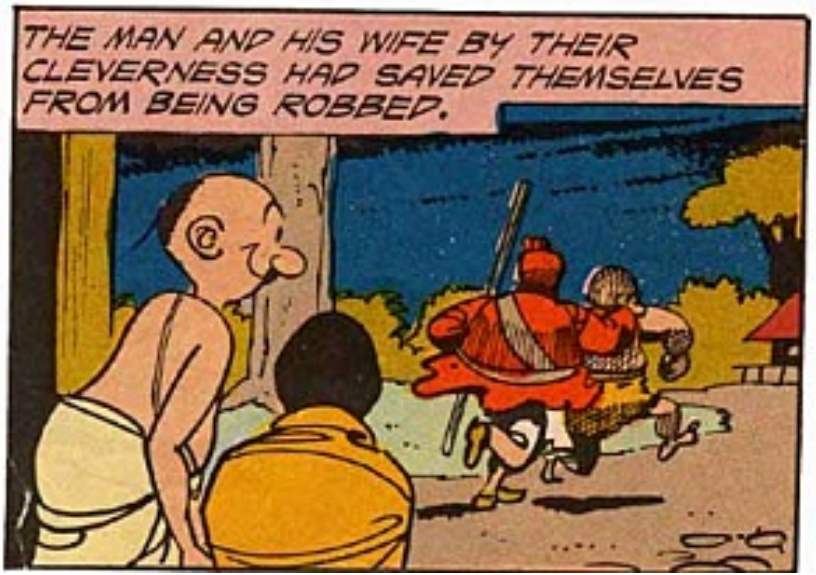



AH, AT LAST THEY'VE STOPPED THEIR CHATTER!

NOW SOON THEY'LL GO TO SLEEP AND... EH!

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST.

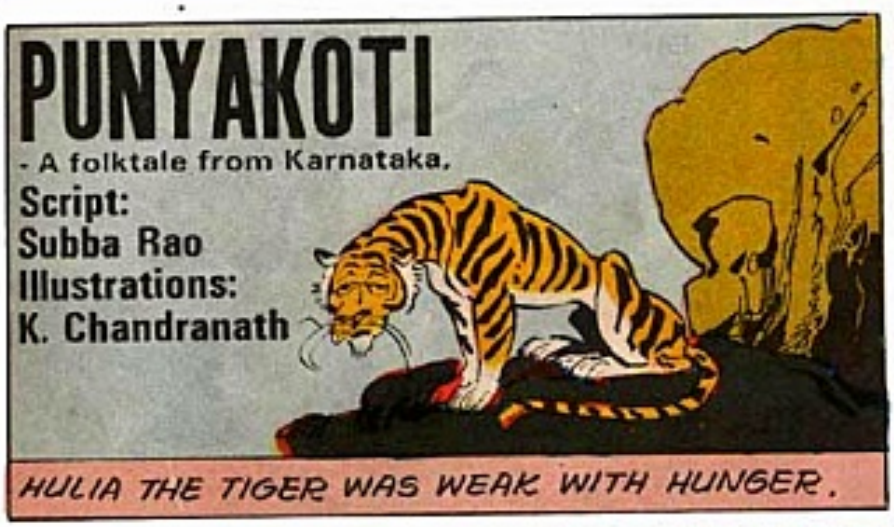
IT'S RAMA! HE HEARD US!
THE PLAN WORKED! WE'RE SAVED.


THE MAN AND HIS WIFE BY THEIR CLEVERNESS HAD SAVED THEMSELVES FROM BEING ROBBED.

PUNYAKOTI

- A folktale from Karnataka.

Script:
Subba Rao
Illustrations:
K. Chandranath



IT WAS A COW CALLED PUNYAKOTI.
I'D BETTER WALK FASTER. MY CHILD MUST BE WAITING FOR ME.

EH!
YES, I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU.

HULIA, PLEASE LISTEN...
NO! I WON'T!

I AM GOING TO KILL YOU AND EAT YOU UP.

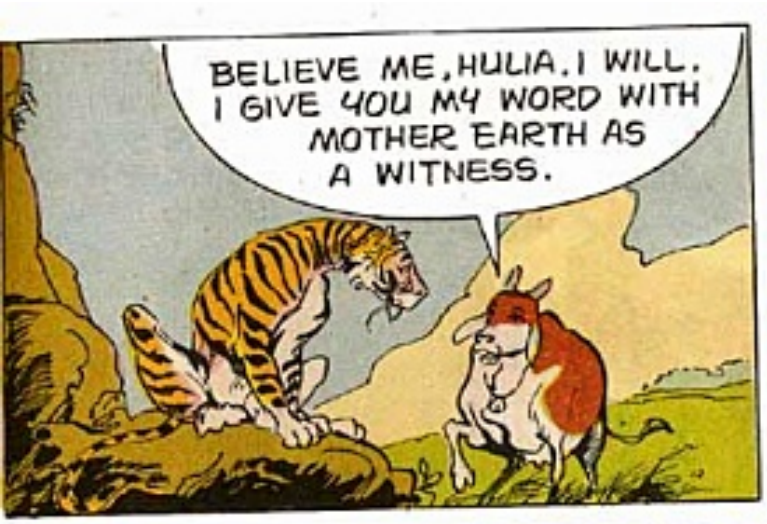
KILL ME! EAT ME! BUT NOT IMMEDIATELY.

MY CHILD IS WAITING FOR ME. I'LL GO HOME, FEED HIM AND COME BACK TO YOU.
WHAT!

HOHOHO!

DO YOU TAKE ME FOR A FOOL?

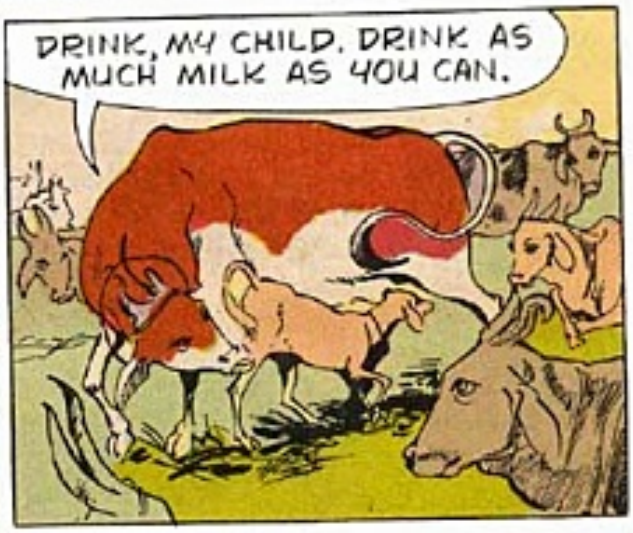
AS IF YOU'LL COME BACK, IF I LET YOU GO!


BELIEVE ME, HULIA. I WILL. I GIVE YOU MY WORD WITH MOTHER EARTH AS A WITNESS.

ALL RIGHT. YOU MAY GO. BUT COME BACK SOON.
I WILL, HULIA, I WILL.

PUNYAKOTI RAN TO HER HOME AT THE FOOT OF THE HILL.

COME, MY CHILD!

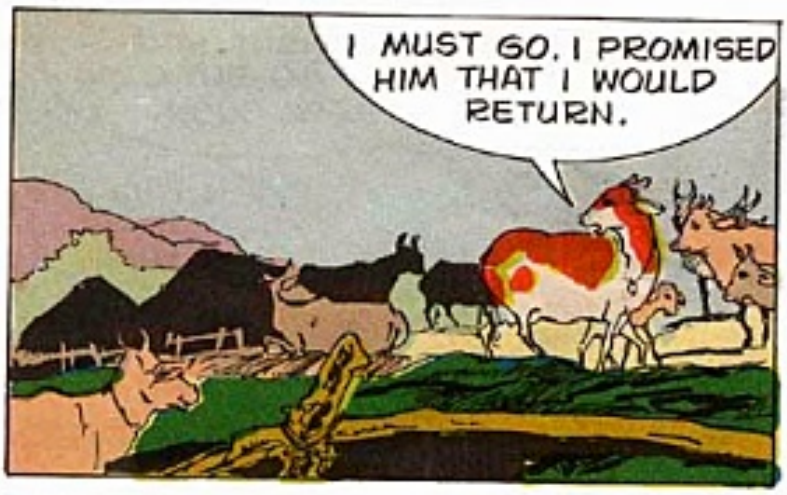

DRINK, MY CHILD. DRINK AS MUCH MILK AS YOU CAN.

FOR THIS IS THE LAST TIME I WILL BE FEEDING YOU.
MOTHER!

YES, MY SON. I HAVE TO GO BACK TO HULIA. HE WILL BE WAITING FOR ME.

PUNYAKOTI TOLD HIM EVERYTHING ABOUT HER PROMISE TO HULIA.
BUT MOTHER, YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO BACK TO HULIA.

HE'S RIGHT WE WILL AVOID THAT ROUTE HULIA CAN'T DO A THING.


I MUST GO. I PROMISED HIM THAT I WOULD RETURN.

TRUTH IS MY MOTHER. TRUTH IS MY FATHER. TRUTH IS MY GOD. TRUTH IS EVERYTHING TO ME.

BUT MOTHER, WHO WILL FEED ME WHEN I'M HUNGRY? WHO WILL TAKE CARE OF ME?

MY SISTERS, TREAT THIS ORPHAN AS YOUR CHILD.

PLEASE DON'T GORE HIM WITH YOUR HORNS IF HE COMES IN YOUR WAY AND PLEASE DON'T KICK HIM IF HE IS AT YOUR BACK.
O PUNYAKOTI!

PUNYAKOTI, WE WILL ALL COME WITH YOU TO HULIA.
PLEASE DON'T. I WANT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF MY CHILD.

AS PUNYAKOTI LEFT—
MOTHER, DON'T GO! PLEASE DON'T GO. MOTHER...

MEANWHILE HULIA WAS GETTING IMPATIENT.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HER GO.

SHE'LL NEVER COME...NO, THERE SHE IS!

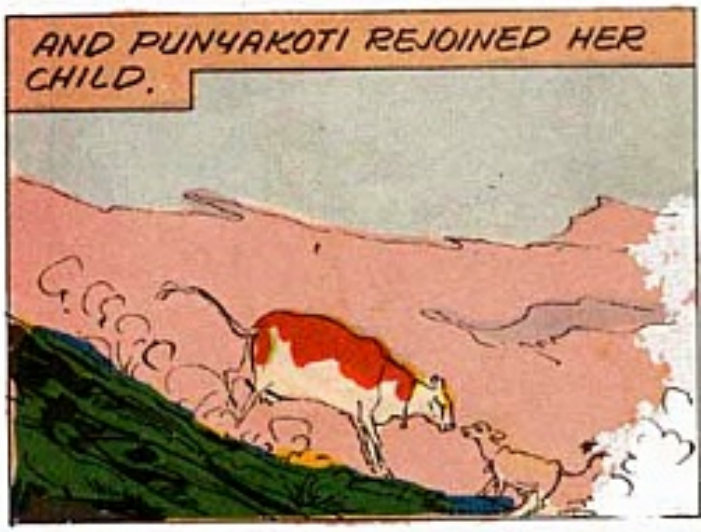
SHE HAS KEPT HER PROMISE...EVEN THOUGH DEATH AWAITS HER HERE. WHAT A NOBLE CREATURE!

HULIA, MY BROTHER, COME! HERE I AM. EAT ME.

EAT YOU?

NEVER, MY NOBLE SISTER. NEVER.

GO BACK TO YOUR CHILD.
HULIA!
HULIA TURNED BACK AND LEFT.


AND PUNYAKOTI REJOINED HER CHILD.

THE GENEROUS HOST

- A folktale from Tamil Nadu

Script: Luis M. Fernandes
Illustrations: Ram Waeerkar

CERTAINLY! FOOD WILL BE READY BY THE TIME YOU RETURN.

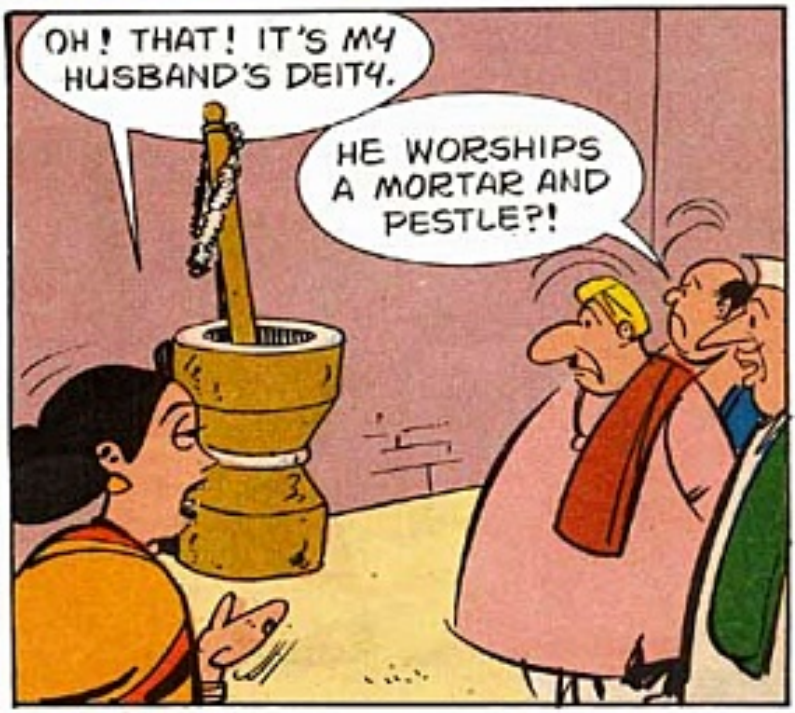
FOOD! HAH! HE'LL JUST WANDER AROUND AND COME BACK EMPTY-HANDED.

I'LL HAVE TO GET THOSE MEN TO LEAVE BEFORE HE RETURNS.

SOMETIME LATER WHEN THE GUESTS RETURNED—
COME IN, COME IN!

MY HUSBAND HAS JUST GONE OUT BUT HE'LL BE BACK SOON.
!

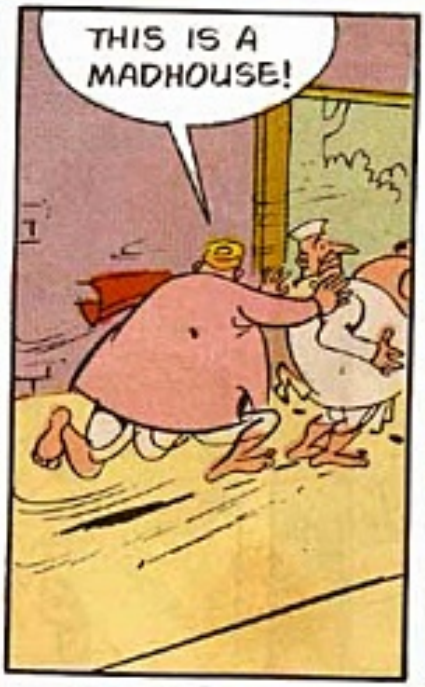
WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT?


OH! THAT! IT'S MY HUSBAND'S DEITY.
HE WORSHIPS A MORTAR AND PESTLE?!

HE DOES! AND I SHOULDN'T BE TELLING YOU THIS, BUT...

...WHEN HE COMES HOME, HE'LL PICK UP THAT PESTLE AND KNOCK ALL OF YOU ON THE HEADS WITH IT.

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, BROTHERS.
THAT'S THE ONLY WAY OF PLEASING THIS DEITY.


THIS IS A MADHOUSE!

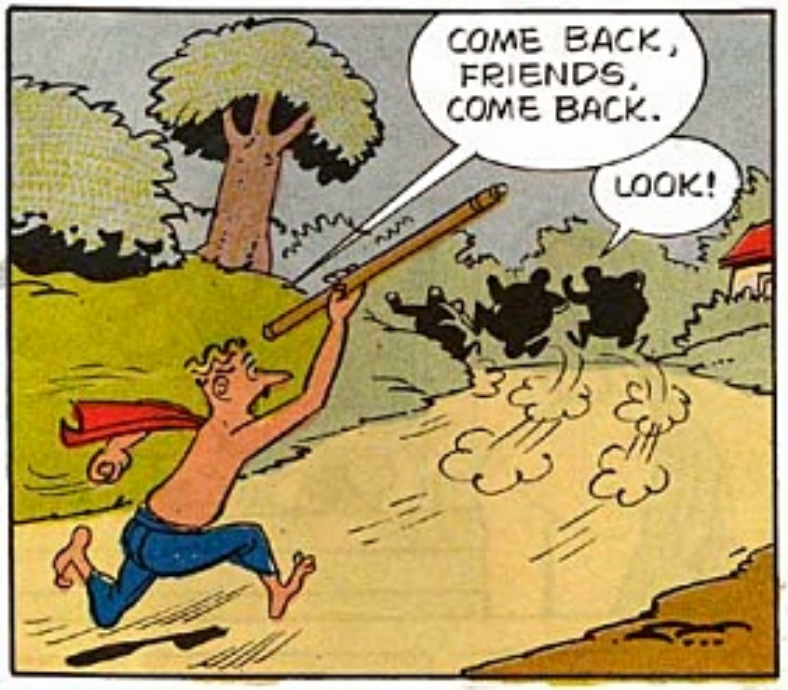
AS THE GUESTS RUSHED AWAY—
HEY!

WHAT'S THE MATTER? WHY ARE THEY GOING AWAY? AND THAT TOO IN SUCH A HURRY?

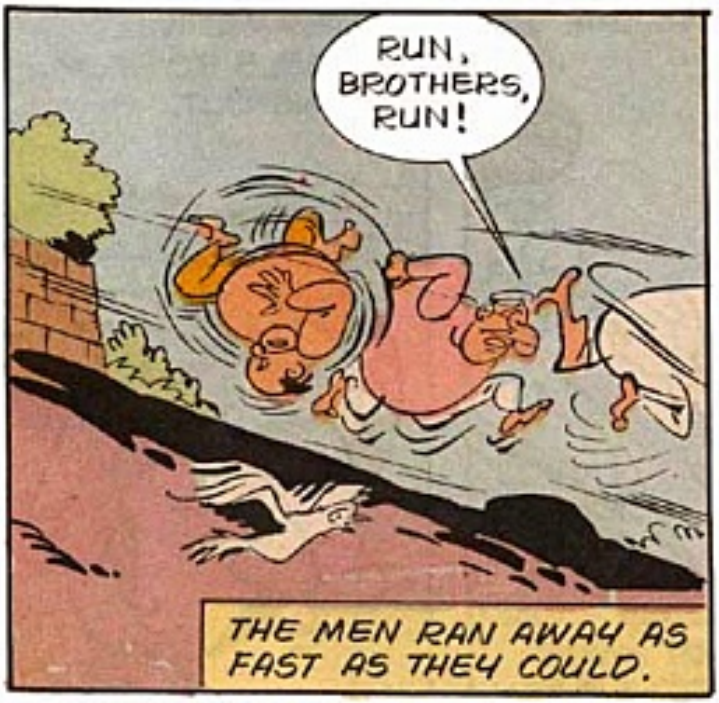
THEY ASKED ME FOR THIS PESTLE AND I DID NOT GIVE IT TO THEM.
WHAT!

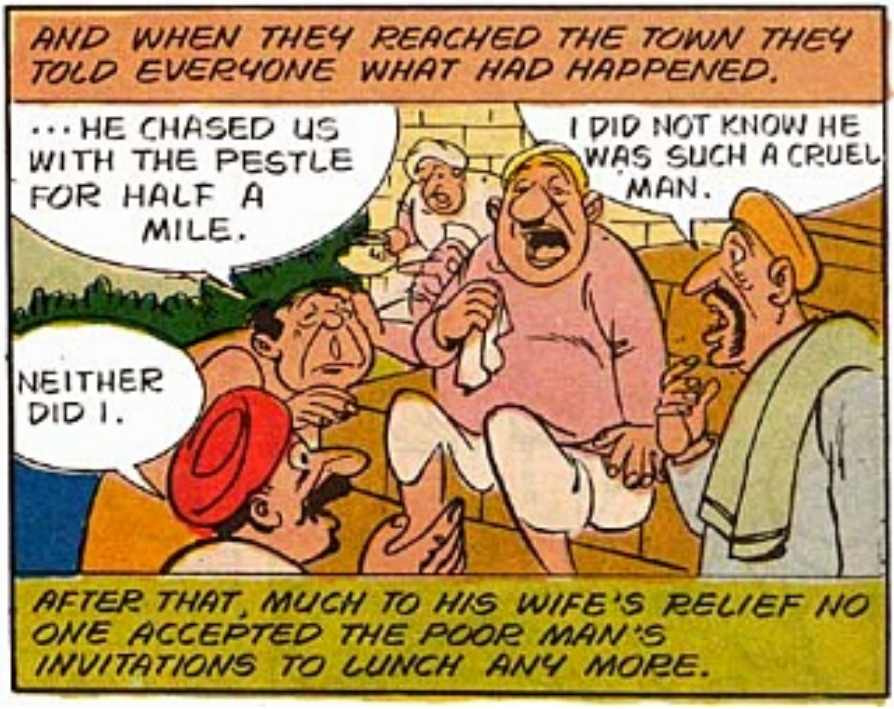
YOU REFUSED TO GIVE OUR GUESTS AN ORDINARY PESTLE! SHAME ON YOU!

I'LL RUN AFTER THEM AND GIVE IT TO THEM.


COME BACK, FRIENDS, COME BACK.
LOOK!

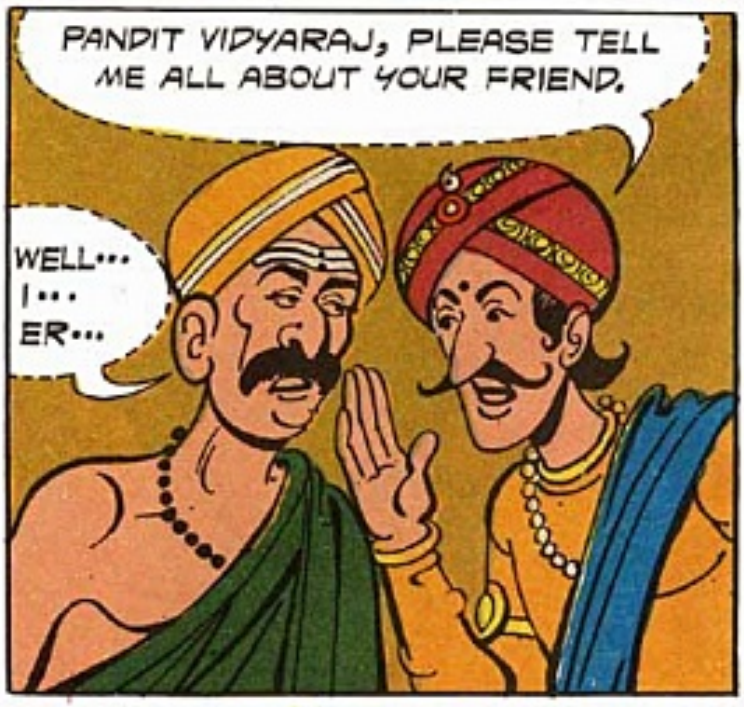
HE'S COMING AFTER US WITH THE PESTLE!
HE'LL KNOCK US ON OUR HEADS!

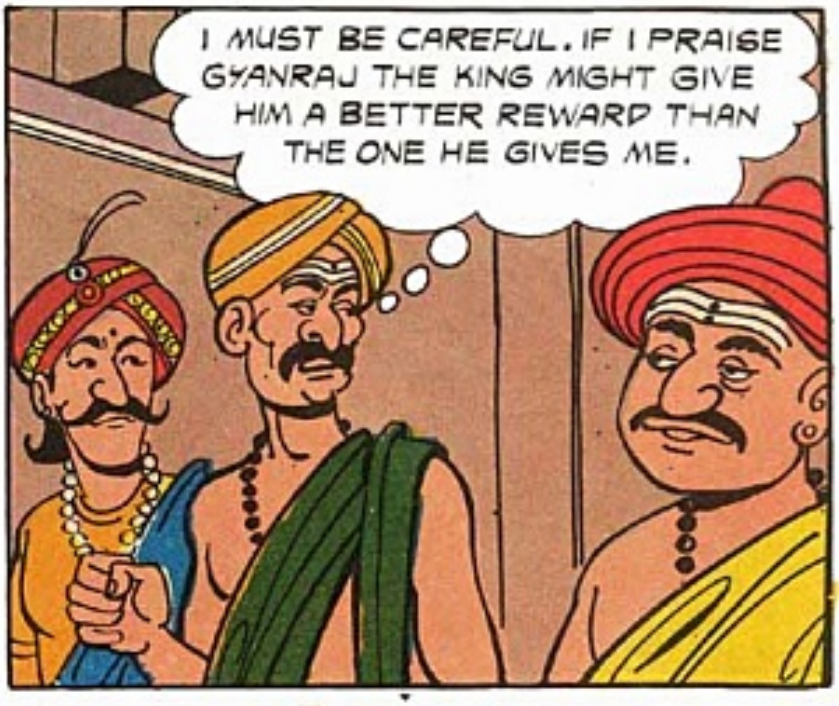

RUN, BROTHERS, RUN!
THE MEN RAN AWAY AS FAST AS THEY COULD.

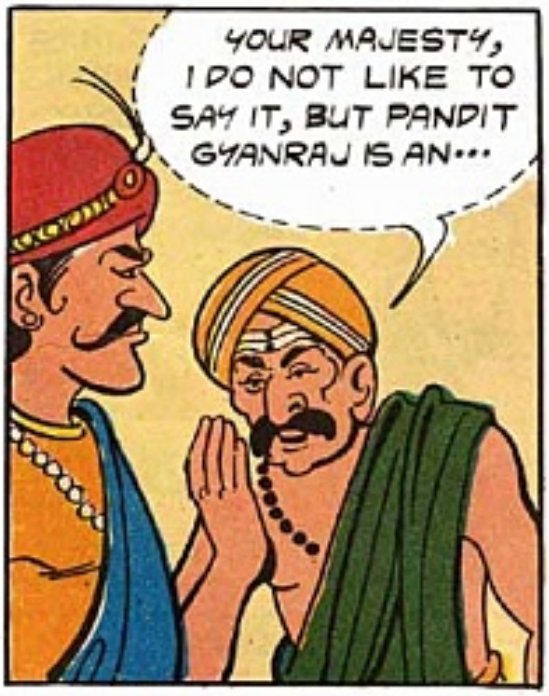

AND WHEN THEY REACHED THE TOWN THEY TOLD EVERYONE WHAT HAD HAPPENED.
...HE CHASED US WITH THE PESTLE FOR HALF A MILE.
I DID NOT KNOW HE WAS SUCH A CRUEL MAN.
NEITHER DID I.
AFTER THAT, MUCH TO HIS WIFE'S RELIEF NO ONE ACCEPTED THE POOR MAN'S INVITATIONS TO LUNCH ANY MORE.

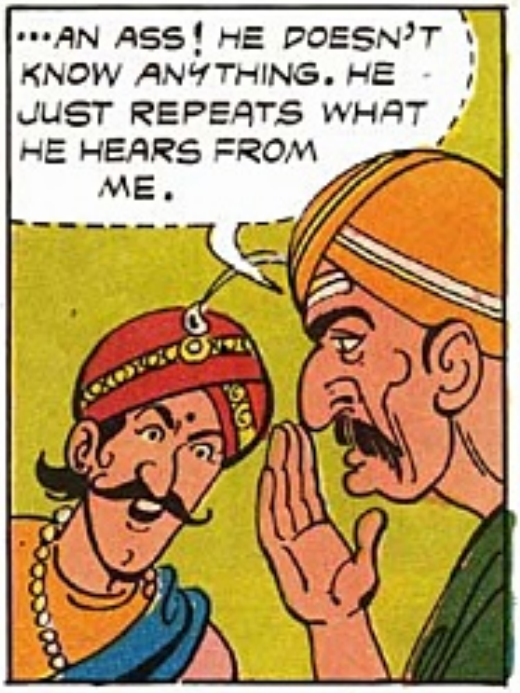
THE TWO PANDITS

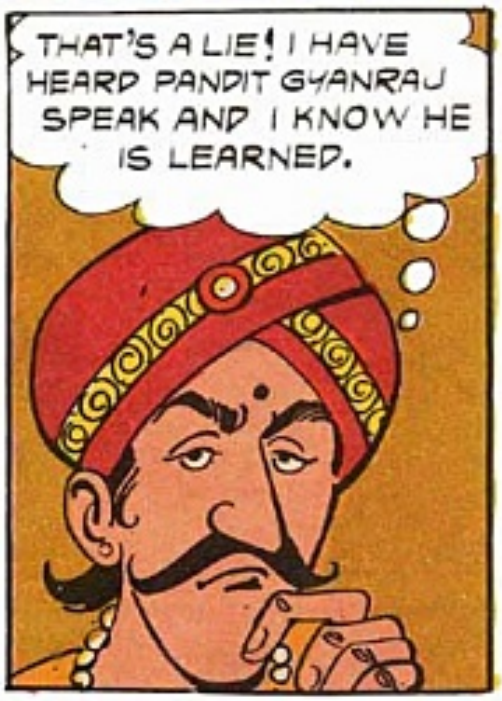
ADAPTED FROM THE FOLKTALE
AS TOLD BY THE LATE SAGUNA MANJESHWAR
ILLUSTRATIONS : M. MOHANDAS

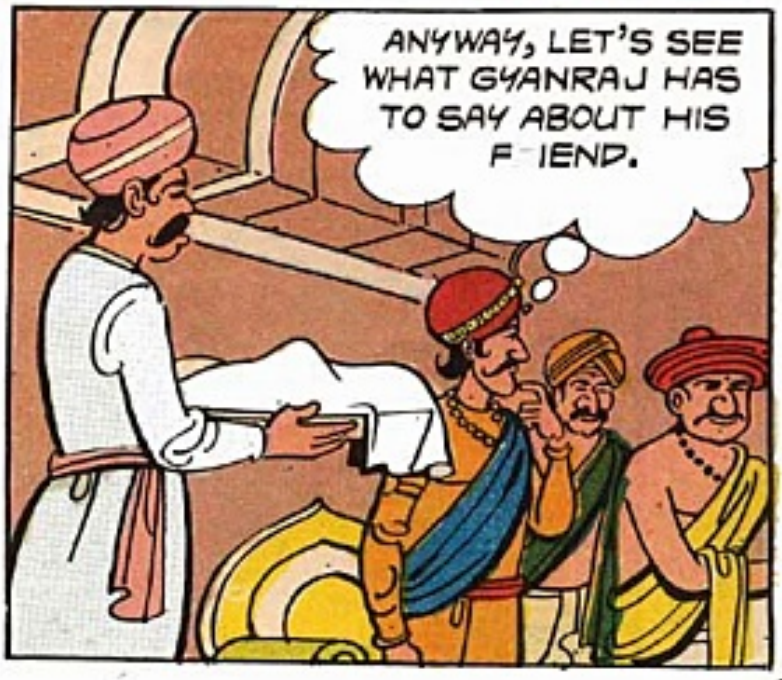

PANDIT VIDYARAJ, PLEASE TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.
WELL... I... ER...

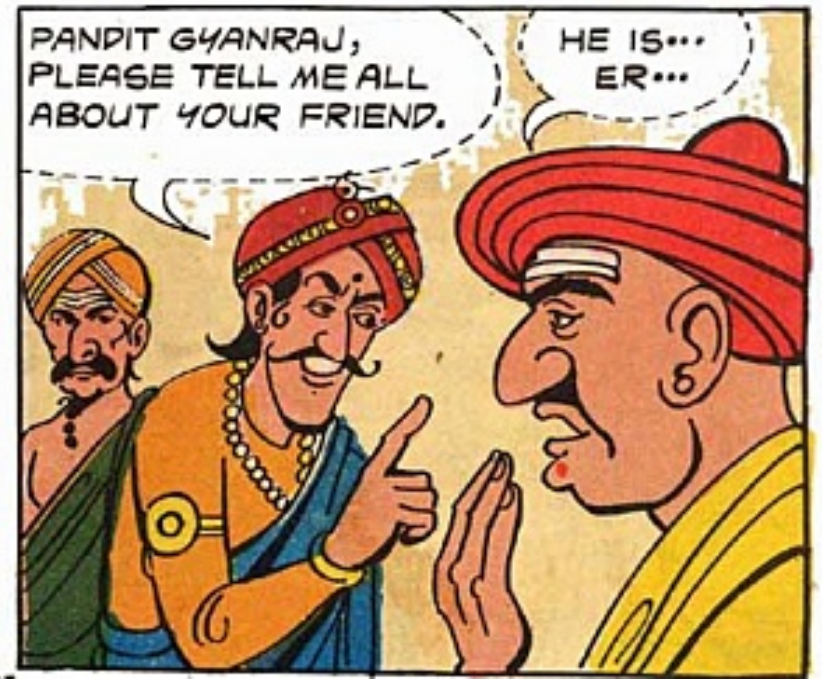

I MUST BE CAREFUL. IF I PRAISE GYANRAJ THE KING MIGHT GIVE HIM A BETTER REWARD THAN THE ONE HE GIVES ME.

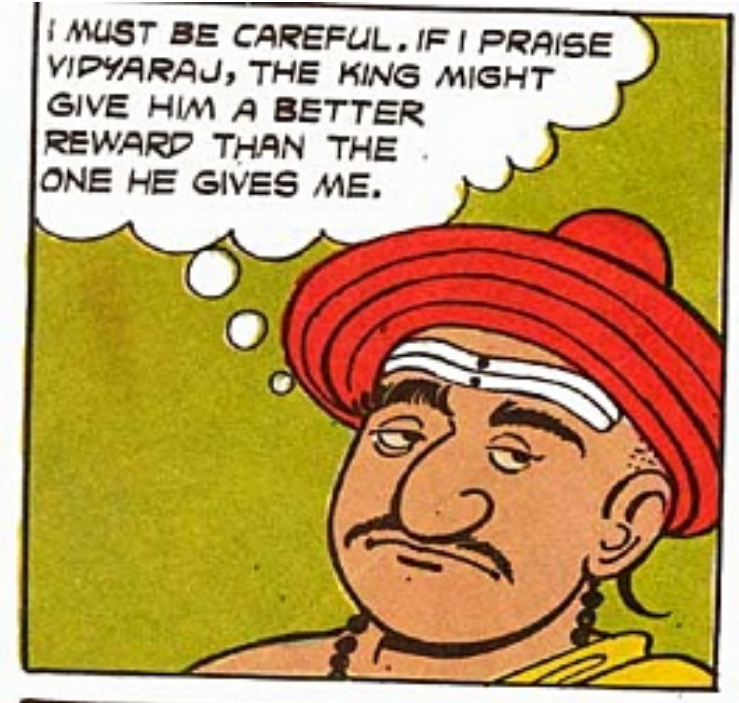

YOUR MAJESTY, I DO NOT LIKE TO SAY IT, BUT PANDIT GYANRAJ IS AN...

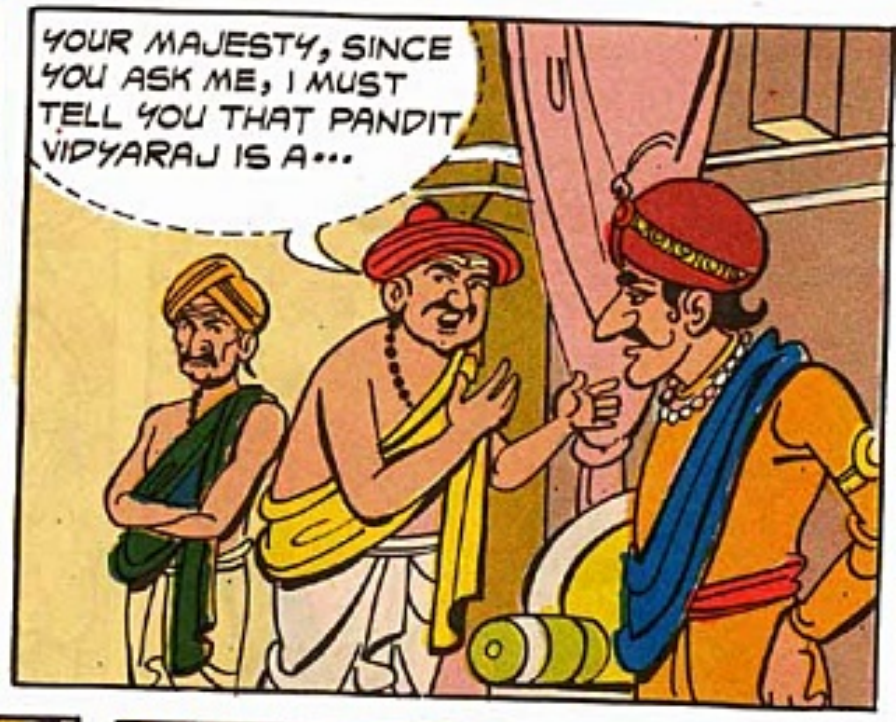

...AN ASS! HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING. HE JUST REPEATS WHAT HE HEARS FROM ME.

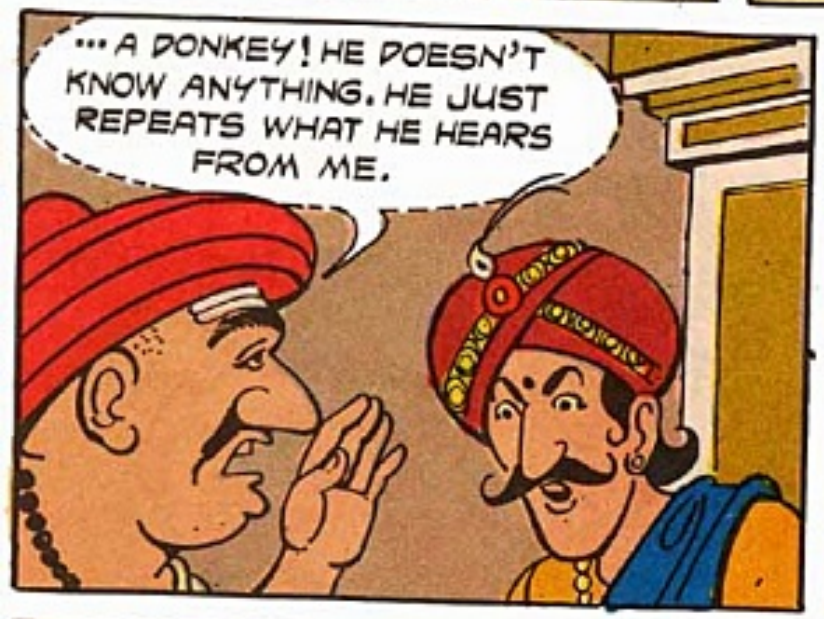

THAT'S A LIE! I HAVE HEARD PANDIT GYANRAJ SPEAK AND I KNOW HE IS LEARNED.

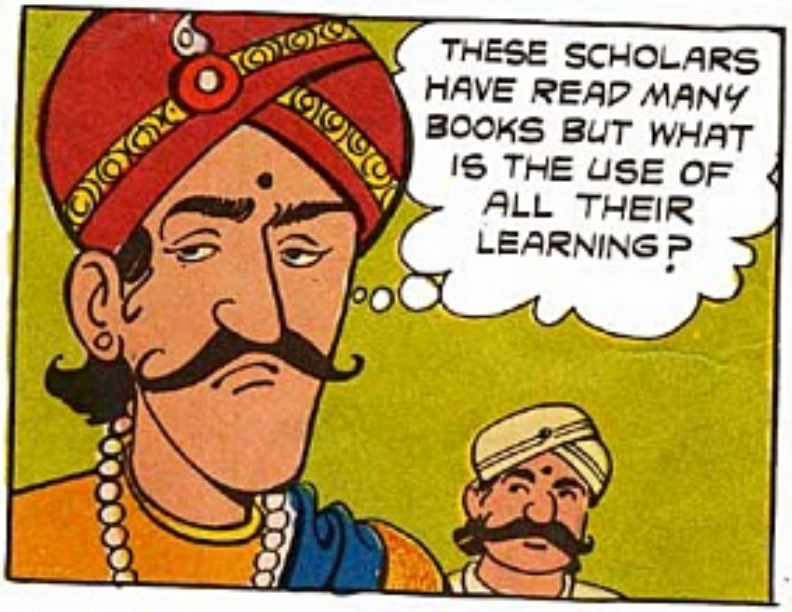

ANYWAY, LET'S SEE WHAT GYANRAJ HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS F IEND.


PANDIT GYANRAJ, PLEASE TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOUR FRIEND.
HE IS... ER...


I MUST BE CAREFUL. IF I PRAISE VIDYARAJ, THE KING MIGHT GIVE HIM A BETTER REWARD THAN THE ONE HE GIVES ME.


YOUR MAJESTY, SINCE YOU ASK ME, I MUST TELL YOU THAT PANDIT VIDYARAJ IS A...

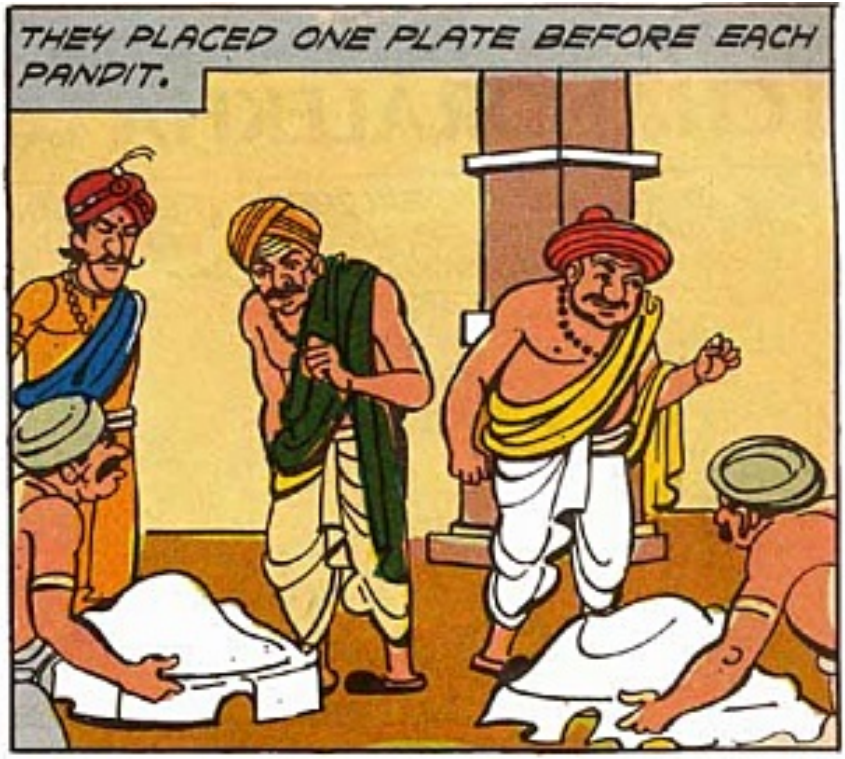

...A DONKEY! HE DOESN'T KNOW ANYTHING. HE JUST REPEATS WHAT HE HEARS FROM ME.


THESE SCHOLARS HAVE READ MANY BOOKS BUT WHAT IS THE USE OF ALL THEIR LEARNING?

THEY ARE NO BETTER THAN ANY OF US HERE. HOW CAN I HONOUR SUCH MEN?

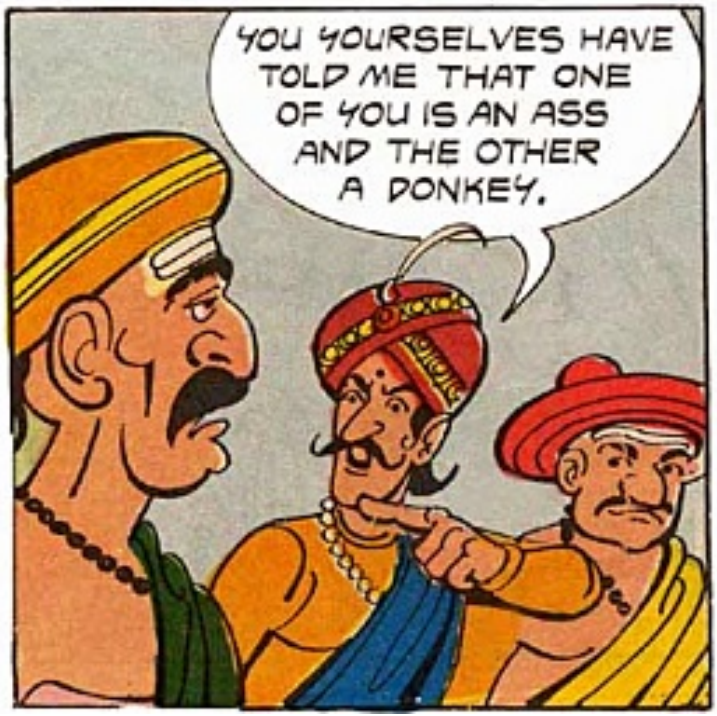
LISTEN CAREFULLY AND DO AS I SAY.

SOMETIME LATER TWO SERVANTS CAME IN CARRYING GIFTS.


THEY PLACED ONE PLATE BEFORE EACH PANDIT.

?
?

WHAT IS THIS, YOUR MAJESTY?
FRESH, GREEN GRASS!


YOU YOURSELVES HAVE TOLD ME THAT ONE OF YOU IS AN ASS AND THE OTHER A DONKEY.

SO I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE REWARD ASSES AND DONKEYS WOULD LIKE BEST— THE FINEST GRASS THAT COULD BE FOUND IN THE KINGDOM!
THE PANDITS FELT VERY ASHAMED OF THEMSELVES. THEY LEFT THE PALACE AND NO ONE HEARD OF THEM AGAIN.

CHANDRALEKHA

Adapted from a popular folktale from Tamil Nadu

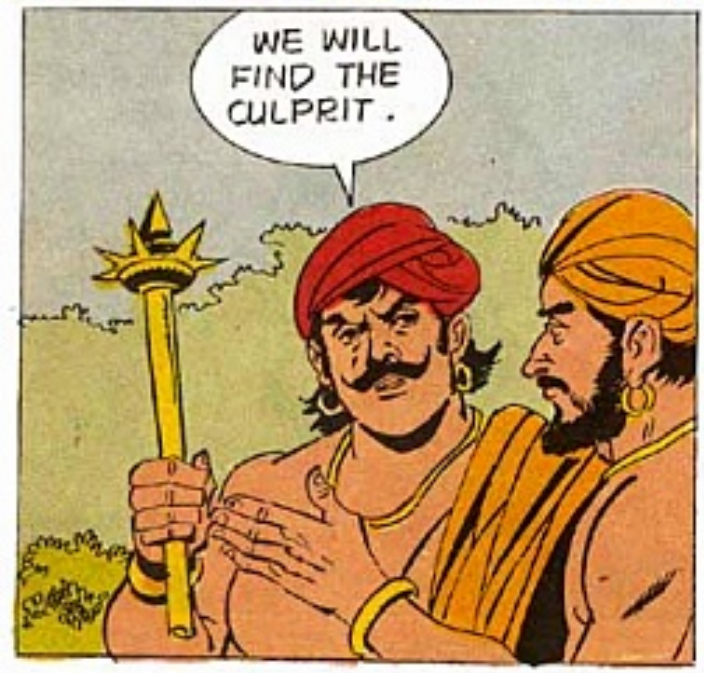
Script: Rupa Gupta
Illustrations: M.N. Nangre

* IT IS SAID THAT A KANNAKOL OBEYS ITS MASTER'S ORDERS.

THE NEXT DAY WHEN THE ROBBERS RETURNED TO THE SPOT—
OUR TREASURE IS GONE!

SOMEONE MUST HAVE SEEN US BURYING IT.
IMPOSSIBLE! THE KANNAKOL WOULDN'T MISS ANYONE. BUT I'LL EXAMINE IT ANYWAY.

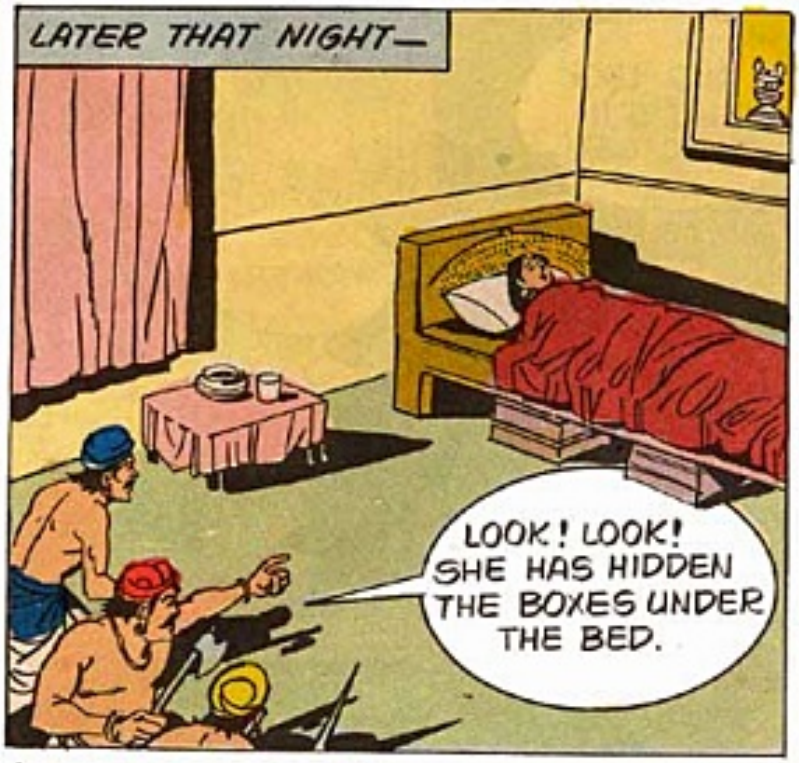
BLOOD! SOME ONE WAS HIT!


WE WILL FIND THE CULPRIT.

LATER—
OINTMENTS... OINTMENTS FOR ALL WOUNDS...MIRACULOUS OINTMENTS...
HE MAY HAVE SOMETHING FOR MY WOUND! RUN AND FETCH HIM.

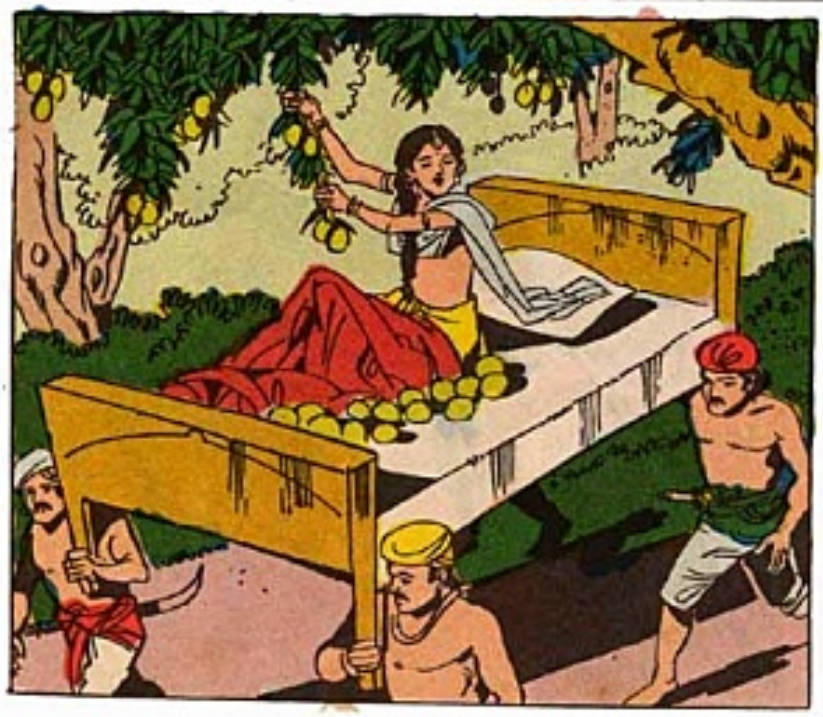
ALL THIS MONEY IS YOURS IF YOU HAVE THE RIGHT OINTMENT FOR MY WOUND.
MY GOD! THAT WOUND ON HER ARM WAS MADE BY MY KANNAKOL.

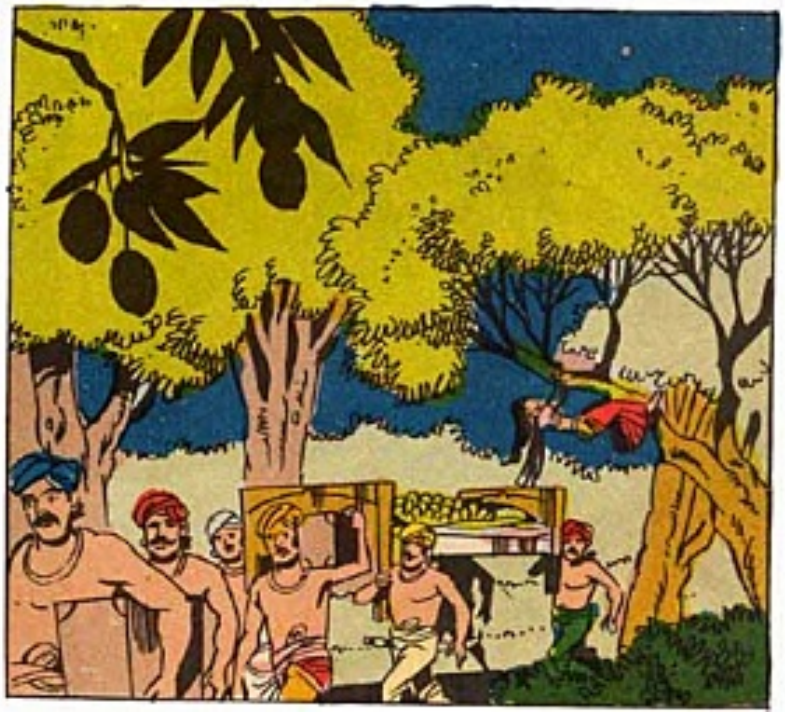
OH-OH! IT'S THE ROBBER CHIEF! I MUST BE ON MY GUARD.


LATER THAT NIGHT—
LOOK! LOOK! SHE HAS HIDDEN THE BOXES UNDER THE BED.

LET'S TEACH HER A LESSON. COME ON, PICK UP THE BED.

YOU THINK YOU'RE VERY CLEVER, MY FRIEND. BUT YOU ARE IN FOR A SURPRISE.

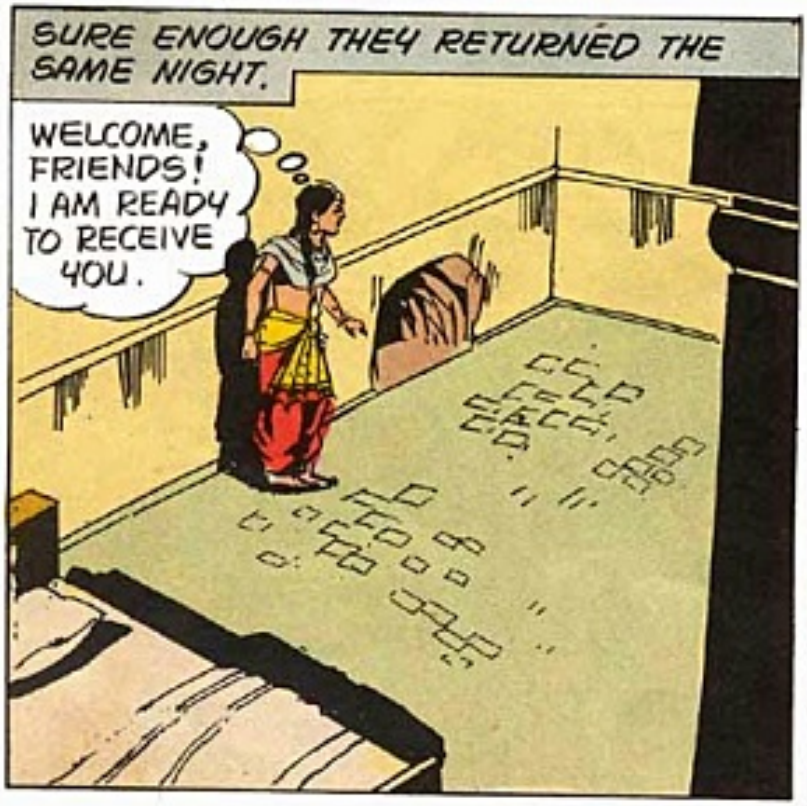




MUCH LATER—
THAT WITCH! SHE HAS TRICKED US!

AND LOOK WHAT'S IN THE CHEST!
STONES!

MEANWHILE CHANDRALEKHA HAD REACHED HOME...
THE ROBBERS WON'T GIVE UP SO EASILY. I MUST PREPARE MYSELF FOR ANOTHER VISIT FROM THEM.

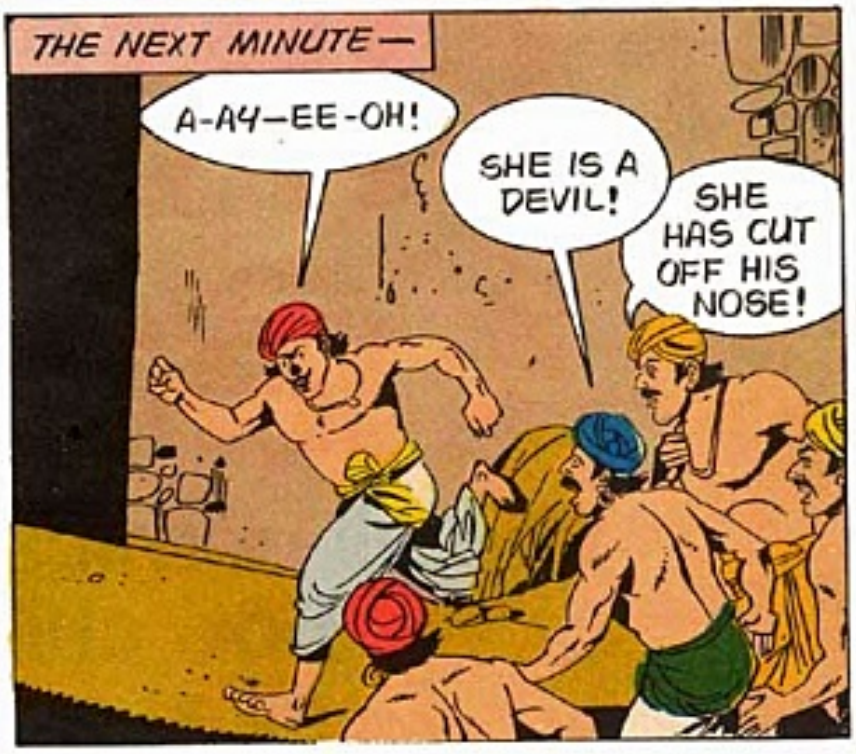

SURE ENOUGH THEY RETURNED THE SAME NIGHT.
WELCOME, FRIENDS! I AM READY TO RECEIVE YOU.

HERE COMES THE FIRST ONE!

A4-EE-OH!

THE COWARD! RUNNING AWA4 FROM A GIRL.

LET ME GO, CHIEF! I AM NOT AFRAID.


THE NEXT MINUTE—
A-A4—EE-OH!
SHE IS A DEVIL!
SHE HAS CUT OFF HIS NOSE!

RUN!

THE4'VE GONE, THANK GOD! AND I DON'T THINK THE4'LL DARE TO COME HERE AGAIN!

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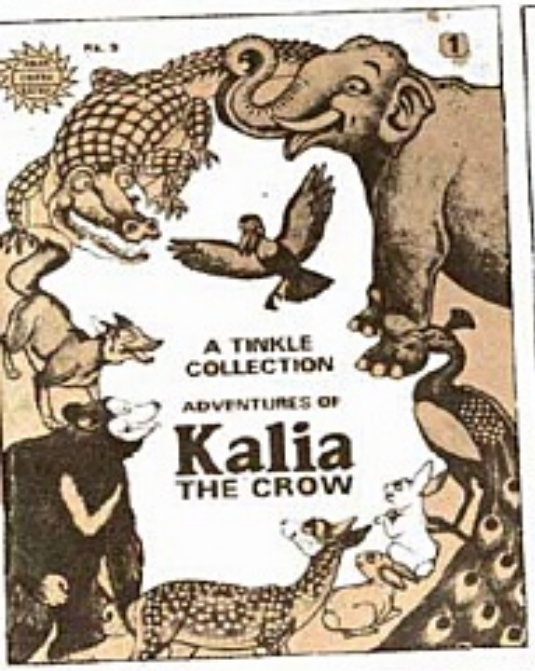

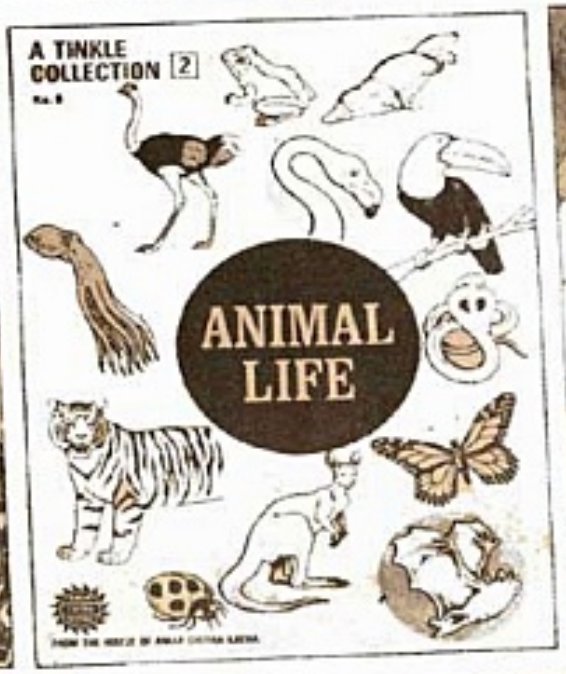

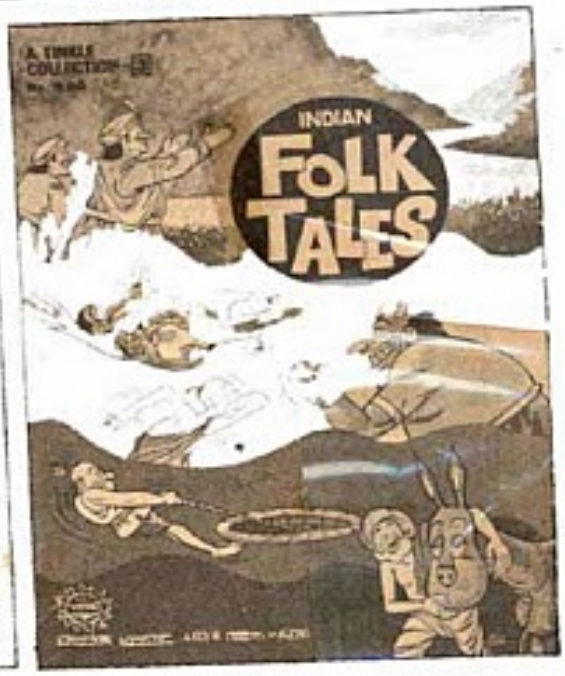

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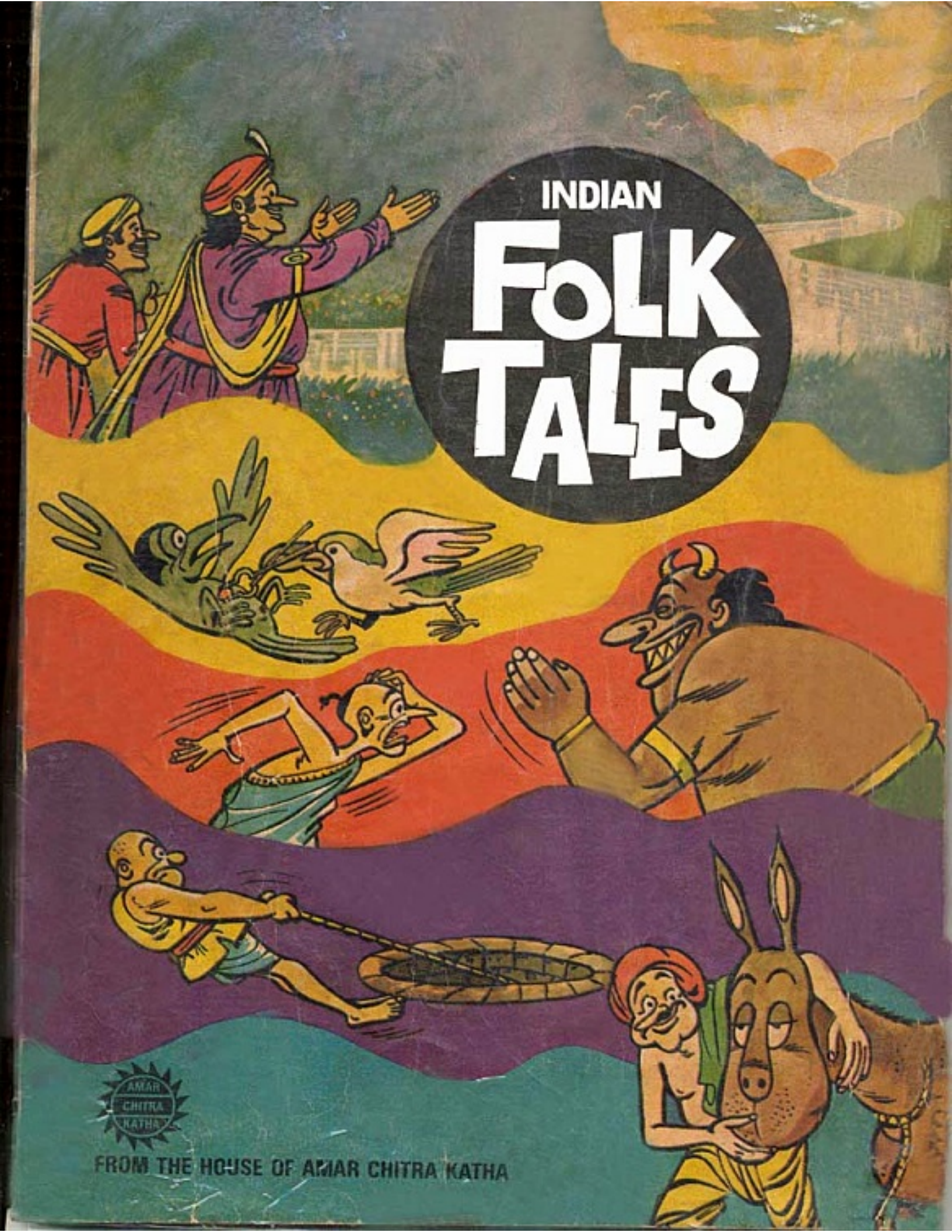
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